

"ALL STORIES COMPLETE IN THIS NUMBER"

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AUGUST 1906

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RALPH HENRY BARBOUR'S
COMPLETE NOVELETTE

"AN ADVENTURE IN ARCADY"

CAROLYN WELLS : MARY MOSS : WILLARD FRENCH
LUCY COPINGER : WILLIAM HAMILTON OSBORNE
CAROLINE LOCKHART : ELEANOR H. PORTER

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Contents for August, 1906

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LIPPINCOTT'S
MONTHLY MAGAZINE

AUGUST, 1906



AN ADVENTURE IN ARCADY

BY RALPH HENRY BARBOUR

Author of "Kitty of the Roses," "An Orchard Princess," etc.

I.

THE clear water of the little river, in which the willows were mirrored quiveringly in tones of brown and green, shallowed abruptly where a tiny bar of silver-white sand thrust the ripples aside. Thus confined, the stream sulked melodiously for a moment in a deep, pellucid pool, and then, with sudden rush and gurgle, swept through a miniature narrows and swirled and frothed about the naked roots of the willows.

With a quick plunge of the paddle Ethan guided the canoe past the threatening bar. A drooping branch swept his face caressingly as the craft gained the quiet water beyond. Here, as though repentant of its impatience, the river loitered and lapped about a massive granite boulder, tugging playfully at the swaying ferns and tossing scintillant drops upon the velvety moss. To the left, the fringe of woodland which, in friendly gossip, had followed the little river for a quarter of a mile, parted where a second stream, scarcely more than a brook, flowed placidly into the first. Reinforced, the river widened a little and went slowly, musically on under the drooping branches, alternately sun-splashed and shadowed, until it disappeared at a distant turn. But the canoe did not follow. Instead it rocked lazily by the boulder, while the ripples broke gently against its smooth sides.

To the bole of an old willow which dropped its leaves in autumn

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upon the white sand-bar was nailed a weather-gray board, on which faded letters stated:

PRIVATE PROPERTY!

NO TRESPASSING!

Ethan observed the warning meditatively. In view of his later course of action let us credit him with that hesitation. At length, with a faint smile on his face, he turned the nose of the canoe toward the smaller stream and his back to the sign.

To have observed him one would scarcely have believed him capable of deliberately committing the dire crime of trespass. There was something about his good-looking face which bespoke honesty. At least, it would have been difficult to credit him with underhand methods; it seemed easier to believe that if he ever did commit a crime it would be in such a superbly open and above-board fashion as to rob it of half its iniquity. Not that there was anything of classical beauty about his face. His eyes were a shade of brown, his nose was a trifle too short to reach the standard of the Grecians, his mouth, unhidden by a shortly-cropped mustache, did not to any great extent suggest a Cupid's bow. His chin was aggressive. For the rest, he had the usual allowance of hair of a not uncommon shade of brown, and showed, when he laughed—which was by no means infrequently—a set of very white and very capable looking teeth. And yet I reiterate my former adjective; good-looking he was; good-looking in a healthy, frank, happy and rather boyish way that was eminently satisfying.

If the sign on the old willow was right, and he really was trespassing, I have no excuse to offer, or at least none that my conscience will allow me to suggest. I can't plead ignorance for him, for the simple reason that he had seen the sign and read it and that he knew all about trespass—or as much as was taught in the three-year course at the Harvard Law School, which he had finished barely a fortnight ago.

Meanwhile he has been sending the canoe quietly along the winding water path, dipping the paddle with easy, rhythmic swings of his shoulders, pushing the blade astern through the clear water and swinging it, flashing and dripping, back for the next stroke. He had tossed his light cloth cap into the bottom of the canoe and had laid his coat over a thwart. The summer morning sunlight, slanting through the branches, wove quickly vanishing patterns in gold upon his brown hair. The tiny breeze, just a mere breath from the southwest, fragrant with the odor of damp, sun-warmed soil and greenery, stirred the sheer white shirt he wore and laid it in folds under the raised arm.

The brook was rather shallow; everywhere the pebbled bottom was visible. It was a whimsical brook, full of sudden turns and twistings; rounding tiny promontories of alder and sheepberry, dipping into quiet bays where bush honeysuckles were dripping sweetness from their pale yellow funnels, skirting curving beaches of white sand where standing armies of purple flags held themselves stiffly at attention and restrained the invasion of the eager, swaying fern-rabble.

He had gone several hundred yards by this time against the slow current, and now there was evident a change in the foliage lining the banks, even in the banks themselves. Artifice had aided nature. Pink and white and yellow lilies dotted the stream, while at a little distance a slender, graceful stone bridge arched from shore to shore. Woodbine clustered about it and threw cool, trembling leaf-shadows against the sunlit stones. The arch framed a charming vista of the brook beyond. The canoe slipped noiselessly under the bridge and the strip of shadow rested gratefully for an instant on Ethan's face. On the left there was a momentary break in the foliage and a brief glimpse of a wide expanse of velvety turf. Then another turn, the canoe brushing aside the broad lily-pads, and the end of the journey had come, and, sitting with motionless paddle, he gazed spell-bound.

II.

THE banks of the stream fell suddenly away on either side and the canoe glided slowly and softly into a miniature lake. It was perhaps twenty yards across at its widest place and something more than that in length. Its banks curved gently in and out, forming innumerable tiny capes and bays. Occasionally a far-reaching branch threw trembling shadows on the water, but for the most part the trees stood back from the margin of the pool and allowed the fresh green turf to descend unhampered to the water's edge. At a point farthest from where Ethan had entered a little cascade tumbled, tinkling and splashing, over mossy stones. On all sides the ground sloped slightly upward, and in one place a group of larches crowned the summit of a knoll and mingled their delicate branches far above the neighboring maples. No habitation was in sight, although an uncertain gleam of white caught at moments through the trees to the right suggested a building of some sort—perhaps the marble temple of the divinity, who, seated on the bank with her bare sandaled feet crossed before her, observed the intruder with calm, dreamy, almost smiling unconcern.

It was a beautiful scene into which Ethan had floated. Overhead was a blue sky against which a few soft white clouds hung seemingly

motionless as though, like Narcissus, they had become enamored of their reflections in the pool there below. On a tiny islet in the centre of the pool three dwarf willows caressed the water with the tips of their pendulous branches and a trio of white swans sunned themselves. Around the islet and about the margin the bosom of the pool was carpeted with lily-pads and starred with a multitude of fragrant blooms, white, rose-hued, carmine, pale violet, sulphur-colored and blue. The gauze wings of darting dragon-flies caught the sunlight, insects hovered above the flower-cups and in the branches around many a feathered cantatrice was singing her heart out. And for background there was always the varied green of encircling trees.

Yes, it was very beautiful, but Ethan had no eyes for it. With paddle still suspended between gunwale and water he was staring in a fashion at once depicting surprise, curiosity, and admiration at the figure on the grass. And what wonder? Who would have thought to find a Grecian goddess under New England skies? Ethan's thoughts leaped back to mythology and he sought a name for her. Diana? Minerva? Venus? Iris? Penelope?

And all the while—a very little while despite the telling—his eyes ranged from the sandaled feet to the warm brown hair with its golden fillet. A single garment of gleaming white reached from the feet to the shoulders where it was caught together on either side with a metal clasp. The arms were bare, youthfully slender, aglow in the sunlight. And yet it was to the eyes that his gaze returned each time. "Minerva!" his thoughts triumphed, "'Minerva, goddess azure-eyed!'" And yet in the next instant he knew that while her eyes were undeniably blue she was no wise Minerva. Such youthful softness belonged rather to Iris or Daphne or Syrinx.

And all the while—just the little time which it took for the canoe to glide from the stream well into the pool—she had been regarding him tranquilly with her deep blue eyes, her bare arms, stretching downward to the grass, supporting her in an attitude suggesting recent recumbency. And now, as the craft brushed the lily-pads aside, she spoke.

"Do you not fear the resentment of the gods?" she asked gravely. "It is not wise for a mortal to look upon us."

"I crave your mercy, O fair goddess," he answered. "Blame rather this tiny argosy of mine which, propelled by hands invisible, has brought me hither. I doubt not that the gods hold me in enchantment." He mentally patted himself on the back; it wasn't so bad for an impromptu!

She leaned forward and sunk her chin in the cup of one small hand, viewing him intently as though pondering his words.

"It may be so," she answered presently. "What call you your frail vessel?"

"From this hour, Good Fortune."

Her gaze dropped.

"Will you deign to tell me your name, O radiant goddess?" he continued. She raised her eyes again and he thought a little smile played for a moment over her red lips.

"I am Clytie," she answered, "a water-nymph. I dwell in this pool. And you, how are you called?"

He answered readily and gravely:

"I am Vertumnus, clad thus in mortal guise that I may gain the presence of Pomona. Long have I wooed her, O Nymph of the Pool."

"I too love unrequited," she answered sadly. "Apollo has my heart. Though day by day I watch him drive his fiery chariot across the heavens he sees me not."

She arose and turned her face upward to the sun. Slowly she raised her white arms and stretched them forth in tragic appeal.

"Apollo!" she cried. "Apollo! Hear me! Clytie calls to you!"

Such a passion of melancholy longing spoke in her voice that Ethan thrilled in spite of himself. Unconsciously his gaze followed hers to the blazing orb. The light dazzled his eyes and blinded him for a moment. When he looked again toward the bank it was empty, but between the trees, along the slope, a white garment fluttered and was lost to sight.

"Clytie!" he called in sudden dismay. And again,

"Clytie!"

A wood-thrush in a nearby tree burst into golden melody. But Clytie answered not.

III.

THE Roadside Inn at Riverdell sprawls its white length along the old post-road over which many years ago the coaches swayed and rattled between New York and Boston. The Roadside, known in those days as Peppitt's Tavern, has changed but little. The front room over the porch, against whose windows in summer the branches of the giant elm brush and tap, has held notable guests: Washington, Hancock, Adams, Lafayette and many more. On the tap-room windows you may still find the diamond-etched initials of by-gone celebrities. And much of the old-time atmosphere remains.

The room into which Ethan had his bag taken after his return from his adventure in Arcady was low-ceilinged and dim. The two

small windows, one overlooking the dilapidated orchard at the rear and the little river beyond, the other revealing the murmuring depths of a big elm, afforded little light. The floor was delightfully uneven; Ethan went downhill to the washstand and uphill again to the old mahogany bureau. The wide fire-place held a pair of antique andirons coveted by many a visitor, and the narrow shelf above was adorned with an equally desirable brass candlestick and a couple of opaque white glass vases which, ancient as they were, post-dated the shelf itself by half a hundred years. The bedstead, of mahogany, with rolling footboard, had made concessions to modernity. The pegs along the side, from which ropes had once been stretched, remained, but an up-to-date wire spring and hair mattress had superseded the olden furnishings.

Ethan lighted a cigarette, unstrapped his bag and took out a leathern portfolio. With this on his knee, he sat at one of the open windows and scrawled a note.

Dear Vin, I am sending my man Farrell on to you with the machine with orders to place it at your disposal. Make what use you can of it. I think it is all right now, though it went back on us this morning about two miles north of here. Funny place for it to bust, wasn't it; looks as though it meant me to pay a visit here, eh? Well, I'm humoring it. I've decided to stay here for a day or two at the roadside. I want to brush up a bit on mythology. Very interesting subject, mythology, Vin. Just when I'll follow the machine I can't say yet; possibly in a day or two. Make my excuses to your mother and sisters; invent any old story you like. You might say, for instance, that Vertumnus, fickle god, has transferred his affections from Pomona to a water-nymph. But you needn't if you'd rather not. I don't care what you say. Expect me when you see me.

"Yours,

"ETHAN."

With a smile as he thought of his friend's perplexity on reading the note, Ethan folded it and tucked it into an envelope. Then addressing it to "Mr. Vincent Graves, The Boulders, Stillhaven, Mass.," he sealed it, dropped it into his pocket and made his way downstairs to dinner.

After dinner a big blue touring-car chugged its way southward along the shaded road, with Farrell at the wheel and Ethan's note in Farrell's pocket. Ethan watched it disappear. Then, drawing a chair to the edge of the porch, he set himself in it, put his heels on the railing, stuffed his hands into his pockets and asked himself with a puzzled smile why he had done it.

IV.

THE grass grew tall and lush under the gnarled old apple-trees back of the Inn, and the straggling footpath which led to the landing was a path only in name. By the time he had gained the river Ethan's immaculate white shoes were slate-colored with dew. The canoe rested on two poles laid from crotches of the apple trees, which overhung the stream. Ethan lifted it down and dropped it into the water. With paddle in hand he stepped into it and pushed off down-stream.

On his left the orchard and garden of the Inn marched with him for a way, giving place at length to a neck of woodland. On his right, seen between the twisted willows, stretched a pleasant view of meadows and tilled fields in the foreground, and, beyond, the gently rising hills, wooded save where along the base the encroaching grasslands rose and dipped. A couple of sleepy-looking farmhouses were nestled in the middle-distance and the faint *whir-r-r* of a mowing machine floated across the meadows. In the high grass daisies were sprinkled as thickly as stars in the Milky Way, and buttercups thrust their tiny golden bowls above the pendulous plumes of the timothy, foxtail, and fescue. The blue-eyed grass, too, was all abloom, like miniatures of the blue flags which congregated wherever the spring floods had inundated the meadows.

The sand-bar came in sight and the little river began to fuss and fret as it gathered itself for what it doubtless believed to be an awe-inspiring rush. The canoe bobbed gracefully through the rapids and swung about in the pool below. Ethan winked soberly at the sign on the willow tree and dipped his paddle again. The canoe breasted the lazy current of the brook.

It was just such a day as yesterday. The little breeze stirred the rushes along the banks and brought odors of honeysuckle. Fleecy white clouds seemed to float on the unshadowed stretches of the stream. On one side a sudden blur of deep pink marked where a wild azalea was ablossom. Again, a glimpse of white showed a viburnum sprinkling the ground with its tiny blooms. Cinnamon ferns were pushing their pale bronze "fiddleheads" into the air. Now and then a wood lily displayed a tardy blossom. Near the stone bridge a kingfisher darted downward to the brook, broke its surface into silver spray and arose on heavy wing.

Once past the bridge and with only a single winding of the brook between him and the lotus pool, Ethan trailed his paddle for a moment while he asked himself whether he really expected to find the girl waiting for him. Of course he didn't, only—well, there was just a chance——! Nonsense; there was not the ghost of a chance!

Oh, very well; at least there was no harm in his paddling to the lotus pool—barring that he was trespassing! He smiled at that. He smiled at it several times, for some reason or other. Then he dipped his paddle again and sent the "Good Fortune" gliding swiftly over the sunlit water, around the last bend in the stream and out on to the blossom-starred mirror of the pond. And when he looked there she was, seated on the bank, just as—and he realized it now—he had expected all along that she would be!

But it was not Clytie he saw; not unless the fashions have changed considerably and water-nymphs may wear with perfect propriety white shirtwaist suits and tan shoes. It was not impossible, he reasoned; for all he knew to the contrary the July number of the *Goddesses' Home Journal*—doubtless edited by Minerva—might prescribe just such garments for informal morning wear. At all events, being less *bizarre* than the flowing peplum of yesterday, Ethan—whose tastes in attire were quite orthodox—liked it far better. The effect was quite different, too. Yesterday she might have been Clytie; to-day reason cried out against any such possibility; she was a very modern-appearing and extremely charming young lady of, apparently, twenty or twenty-one years of age, with a face, at present seen in profile, piquant rather than beautiful. The nose was small and delicate, the mouth, under a short lip, had the least bit of a pout and the chin was softly round and sensitive. This morning she wore her hair in a pompadour, while at the back the thick braids started low on her neck and coiled around and around in a perfectly delightful and absolutely puzzling fashion. Ethan liked her hair immensely. It was light brown, with coppery tones where the sunlight became entangled. She was seated on the sloping bank, her hands clasped about her knees and her gaze turned dreamily toward the cascade which sparkled and tinkled at the upper curve of the pool. As the canoe had made almost no sound in its approach, she was, of course, ignorant of Ethan's presence. And yet it may be mentioned as an interesting if unimportant fact that as he gazed at her for the space of half a minute a rosy tinge, all unobserved of him, crept into her cheeks. He laid his paddle softly across the canoe, and,—

"Greetings, O Clytie!" he said.

She turned to him startledly. A little smile quivered about her lips.

"Good morning, Vertumnus," she answered. Perhaps his gaze showed a trifle too much interest, for after a brief instant hers stole away. He picked up the paddle and moved the canoe closer to the shore.

"I'm very glad to find you have not yet taken root," he said gravely.

"Taken root?" she echoed vaguely.

"Yes, for that was your fate at the last, wasn't it? If I am not mistaken you sat for days on the ground, subsisting on your tears and watching the sun cross the heavens, until at last your limbs became rooted to the ground and you just naturally turned into a sunflower. At least, that's the way I recollect it."

"Oh, but you shouldn't tell me what my fate is to be," she answered smilingly.

"Forearmed is forewarned; no, I mean the other way around!" he replied. "Maybe if you just keep your feet moving you'll escape that fate. It would be awfully uncomfortable, I should say! Besides, pardon me if it sounds rude, sunflowers are such unattractive things, don't you think so?"

"Yes, I'm afraid they are. The fate of Daphne or Lotis or Syrinx would be much nicer."

"What happened to them, please?"

"Why, Daphne was changed to a laurel; have you forgotten?"

"No, but how about the other ladies?"

"Lotis became a lotus and Syrinx a clump of reeds. Pan gathered some and made himself pipes to play on.

"'Poor nymph!—Poor Pan!—how he did weep to find
Naught but a lovely sighing of the wind
Along the reedy stream; a half-heard strain
Full of sweet desolation—balmy pain.'"

"Shelley, for a dollar," he said questioningly.

She shook her head smilingly. "Keats," she corrected.

"Oh, I have a way of getting them mixed, those two chaps." He paused. "Do you know, it sounds odd nowadays to hear anyone quote poetry?"

"I suppose it does; I dare say it sounds very silly."

"Not a bit of it! I like it! I wish I could do it myself. All I know, though, is

"'The Lady Jane was tall and slim,
The Lady Jane was fair,
And Sir Thomas, my lord, was stout of limb,
But his breath was short, and——'

and so on. I used to recite that at school when I was a youngster; knew it all through; and I think there were five or six pages of it. I was quite proud of that, and used to stand on the platform Saturday mornings and just gallop it off. I think the humor appealed to me."

"It must have been delightful!" she laughed. "But you haven't got even that quite right!"

"Haven't I? I dare say."

"No, Sir Thomas was *her* lord, not *my* lord, and it was his cough that was short instead of his breath."

"Shows that my memory is failing at last," he answered. "But, tell me, do you know every piece of poetry ever written?"

"No, not so many. I happen to remember that, though. Besides, we dwellers on Olympus hold poetry in rather more respect than you mortals."

"You forget that I am Vertumnus," he answered haughtily.

"Of course! And you puzzled me with that yesterday, too. I had to go home and hunt up a dictionary of mythology to see who Vertumnus was."

"I—I trust you found him fairly respectable?" he asked. "To tell the truth, I don't recollect very much about him myself; and some of those old chaps were—well, a bit rapid."

"Vertumnus was quite respectable," she replied. "In fact, he was quite a dear, the way he slaved to win Pomona. I never cared very much about Pomona," she added frankly.

"I—I never knew her very well," he answered carelessly.

"I think she was a stick."

"You forget," he said gently, "that you are speaking of the lady of my affections."

"Oh, I am so sorry!" she cried contritely. "Please forgive me!"

"If you will let me smoke a cigarette."

"Why not? Considering that I am on shore and you on the water it hardly seems necessary——"

"Well, of course it's your own private pool," he said. "I thought perhaps nymphs objected to the odor of cigarette-smoke around their habitations."

"This nymph doesn't mind it," she answered.

He selected a cigarette from his case very leisurely. He had had several opportunities to see her eyes and was wondering whether they were really the color they seemed to be. He had thought yesterday that they were blue, like the sky, or a Yale flag or—the ocean in October; in short just *blue*. But to-day, seen from a distance of some fifteen feet, and examined carefully, they appeared quite a different hue, a—*a* violet, or—or mauve. He wasn't sure just what mauve was, but he thought it might be the color of her eyes. At all events, they weren't merely blue; they were something quite different, far more wonderful, and infinitely more beautiful. He would look again just as soon as he had the cigarette lighted, and——

"Were you surprised to find me here this morning?" she asked suddenly. There was no hint of coquetry in her tone and he stifled the first reply occurring to him.

"I—no, I wasn't—for some reason," he answered honestly. "I dare say I ought to have been."

"I came on purpose to meet you," she said calmly.

"Er—thank you—that is——!"

"I wanted to explain about yesterday. You see I didn't want you to think I was just simply insane. There was—method in my madness."

"But I didn't think you insane," he denied, depositing the burnt match carefully on a lily-pad and raising his gaze to hers. "I thought—that——"

"Yes, go on," she prompted. "Tell me what you did think when you found me here in that—that *thing*!"

"I thought I was in Arcadia and that you were just what you said you were, a water-nymph."

"Oh," she murmured disappointedly; "I thought you were really going to tell me the truth."

"I will, then. Frankly, I didn't know what to think. You said you were Clytie, and far be it from me to question a lady's word. I was stumped. I tried to work it out yesterday afternoon and couldn't, and so I came back to-day in the hope that I might have the good fortune to see you again."

"It was rather silly," she answered. "And I ought to have run away when I saw your canoe coming. But it was so unexpected and sudden, and I was bored and—and I wondered what you would look like when I told you I was a water-nymph!" She laughed softly. "Only," she went on in a moment, with grievance in her tones, "you didn't look at all surprised! I might just as well have said 'I am Mary Smith' or—or 'Laura Devereux!'"

("Aha!" quoth Ethan to himself, "I am learning.")

"You were very disappointing," she concluded severely.

"I am sorry, really. I realize now that I should have displayed astonishment and awe. Perhaps if you had said you were Laura—Laura Devereux, was it?—I would have really shown some emotion."

"Why?" she questioned.

"Well, don't you think—Laura, now, is—I'm afraid I can't just explain." He was watching her intently. She was studying her clasped hands. "I suppose what I meant was that Laura is such an attractive name, so—so musical, so melodious! And then coupled with Devereux it is even—even—er—more so!"

"Is it?" She didn't look at him and her tone was almost icy.

"I fancy that'll hold you for awhile," he said to himself. "My boy, you're inclined to be a little too fresh; cut it out!")

"I never thought Laura especially melodious," she said.

"Perhaps you are prejudiced," he suggested amiably.

"Why should I be?" she asked, observing him calmly. He hesitated and paid much attention to his cigarette.

"Oh, no reason at all, I suppose," he answered finally. He looked up in time to surprise a little mocking smile in her eyes. Nonsense! He'd show her that she couldn't bluff him down like that! "To be honest," he continued, "what I meant was that some folks take a dislike to their own names; in which case they are scarcely impartial judges." He looked across at her challengingly. She returned the look serenely.

"So you think that is my name?" she asked.

"Isn't it?"

"I don't see why you should think so," she parried. "I might have found it in a novel. I'm sure it sounds like a name out of a novel."

"But you haven't denied it," he insisted.

"I don't intend to," she replied, the little tantalizing smile quivering again at the corners of her mouth. "Besides, I have already told you that my name is Clytie."

He tossed the remains of his cigarette toward where one of the swans was paddling about. The long neck writhed, snake-like, and the bill disappeared under the water. Then with an insulted air and an angry bob of the tail, the swan turned her back on Ethan and sailed hurriedly back to her family.

"I understand," he said. "I will try not to forget hereafter that this is Arcadia, that you are Clytie and that I am Vertumnus."

"Thank you, Vertumnus," she said. "And now I must tell you what I came here to tell. You must know, sir, that I am not in the habit of sitting around on the grass in broad daylight dressed—as I was yesterday. If I did I should probably catch cold. Yesterday morning we—a friend and I—dressed up in costume and took each other's pictures up there under the trees. Afterwards the fancy took me to come down here and—and 'make believe.' And then you popped on to the scene all of a sudden."

"I see. Very rude of me, I'm sure. Of course, as we are in Arcady, and you are a nymph and I a—god, I don't understand at all what you are talking about; but I *would* like to see those pictures!"

"I'm afraid you never will," she laughed.

"I'm not so sure," he said thoughtfully. "Strange things happen in—Arcady."

"Weren't you the least bit surprised when you saw me? And when I—acted so silly?"

"I certainly was! Really, for a while—especially after you had gone—I was half inclined to think that I had been dreaming. You did it rather well, you know," he added admiringly.

"Did I?" She seemed pleased. "Didn't it sound terribly foolish when I spouted that about Apollo?"

"Not a bit! I—I half expected the sun to do something when you raised your hands to it; I don't know just what; wink, perhaps, or have an eclipse."

"You're making fun of me!" she said dolefully.

"But I am not, truly! However, I don't think you treated your audience very nicely. To get me sun-blind and then steal away wasn't kind. When I looked around you had simply disappeared, as though by magic, and I—" he shivered uncomfortably—"I felt a bit funny for a moment."

"Really?" She positively beamed on him, and Ethan felt a sudden warmth at his heart. "I suppose every person has a sneaking desire to act," she went on. "I know I have. Ever since I was a little girl I've loved to—to 'make believe.' That's why I did it yesterday."

"Have you ever considered a stage career?" he asked gravely. She leaned her chin in one small palm and observed him doubtfully.

"I never seem to know for certain," she complained, "whether you are making fun of me or not. And I don't like to be made fun of—especially by——"

"Strangers? I don't blame you, Miss—Clytie. I wouldn't like it myself."

She continued to study him perplexedly, a little frown above her somewhat impertinent nose. Ethan smiled composedly back. He enjoyed it immensely. The sunlight made strange little golden blurs in her eyes. They were very beautiful eyes; he realized it thoroughly; and he didn't care how long she allowed him to look into them like this. Only, well, it was a bit disquieting to a chap. He could imagine that invisible wires led from those violet orbs of hers straight down to his heart. Otherwise how account for the tingling glow that was pervading the latter? Not that it was unpleasant; on the contrary——

"I beg your pardon?" he stammered.

"I merely said that I had no idea of the stage," she replied distantly, dropping her gaze.

"Oh!" He paused. It took him a moment to get the sense of what she had said through his brain. Plainly, Arcadian air possessed a quality not contained in ordinary ether, and its effect was strangely

deranging to the senses. "Oh!" he repeated presently, "I am glad you haven't. I shouldn't want you to—er——"

But that didn't appear to be just the right thing to say, judging from the sudden expression of reserve which settled over her countenance. Ethan shook himself awake.

"It is time for me to go," she said, getting to her feet. Ethan made an absurdly futile motion toward assisting her. "I think I have explained matters, don't you?"

"You have explained," he answered judicially, "but there is much more that would bear, that even demands elucidation."

"I don't see that there is," she replied a trifle coldly.

"Oh, of course, if you prefer to have me place my own interpretation on—things——!"

"What things?" she demanded curiously.

"What things?" he repeated vaguely. "Oh, why—er—lots," he ended lamely.

She turned her back.

"Good morning," she said.

He took a desperate resolve.

"Good morning. Now that I know who you are——"

"You don't know who I am!" she retorted, facing him defiantly.

"Pardon me, but——"

"I didn't say my name was—that!"

"And I know more besides," he added mysteriously.

"You don't!"

"Oh, very well." He smiled superiorly.

"How could you?"

"You forget that we gods have powers of——"

"Oh! Well, tell me, then."

"Not to-day," he answered gently. "To-morrow, perhaps."

He raised his paddle and turned the canoe about.

"But you will not see me to-morrow," she said, stifling the smile that threatened to mar her severity.

"You are not thinking of leaving Arcady?" he asked in surprise. "Where, pray, could you find a more delightful pool than this? Observe those swans! Observe the lilies! Besides, even in Arcady one doesn't move so late in the season."

She regarded him for a moment with intense gravity. Then, "You really think so?" she asked musingly.

"I really do."

He waited, wondering at himself for caring so much about her decision. At last,

"Perhaps you are right," she said. "Good morning."

"And I shall see you to-morrow?" he cried eagerly.

She turned under the first tree. The green shadows played over her hair and dappled her white gown with tremulous silhouettes.

"That," she laughed softly, tantalizingly, "is in the hands of the gods."

Her dress showed here and there through the trees for a moment and then was lost to sight. Ethan heaved a sigh. Then he smiled. Then he seized the paddle and shot the canoe toward the outlet.

"Well," he muttered, "I know how this god will vote!"

V.

ETHAN laid aside his paddle and mopped his face with his handkerchief. The canoe, left to its own devices, poked its nose against the meadow bank and allowed its stern to float slowly around in the languid current. He gazed across the fields over which the heat-waves danced and shimmered and addressed himself to his cigarette case.

"Providence," he said, "showed great wisdom when it arranged that the Pilgrims should land on the coast of Massachusetts. 'From what I've seen of these folks and what I've heard about them,' says Providence, 'I don't believe they're going to be much of an acquisition to the New World. But I'll give 'em a fair show. I'll see that they land at Plymouth and if they can survive a Massachusetts winter and a Massachusetts summer I'll have nothing more to say. Those of them alive a year from now will be entitled to prizes in the Endurance Test and will have qualified to become Hardy Pioneers and build up the country.'"

He mopped his face again, lighted a cigarette and took up his paddle.

"One would think that this state might show moderation at some season of the year," he added disgustedly. "But not content with her Old Fashioned Winters, Backward Springs and Early Falls she has to try and wrest the Hot Weather blue ribbon from Arizona! No wonder they say a Bostonian isn't contented in Heaven; doubtless he finds the weather frightfully equable and monotonous!"

He righted the canoe and went on, with a glance at the sky above the hills.

"We're probably in for a jolly good thunder-storm this afternoon," he muttered.

By the time he had reached the entrance to the brook his forehead was again beaded with perspiration and his thin negligée shirt showed a disposition to cling to his shoulders. It was one of those intensely hot and exceedingly humid days which the early summer so often visits upon New England. Even the birds seemed to feel the heat and instead of singing and darting about across the shadowed

stream were content to flutter and chirp drowsily amidst the branches. The hum of the insects held a lethargic tone that somehow, like a locust's clatter in August, seemed to increase the heat. Ethan went slowly up the winding stream with divided opinions on the subject of his own sanity. To sit in a canoe in the broiling sun on a morning like this merely to talk to a girl was rank idiocy, he told himself. Then he recalled her eyes, her tantalizing little laugh, the soft tones of her voice, the provocative ghost of a smile that so often trembled about her red lips, and owned that she was worth it. After he had slipped under the stone footbridge it suddenly occurred to him that perhaps the girl would object quite as strongly as he to making a martyr of herself in the interests of polite conversation! Perhaps she wouldn't come at all! In which case he would have had his journey for naught—and possibly a sunstroke thrown in! The more he considered that possibility the more reasonable it became, until, when he had shot the canoe into the little pond, and saw that the bank was empty of aught save a pair of the swans who were stretching their wings in the sunlight, he was not surprised.

"She certainly has more sense than I have," he muttered.

Not a breath of air stirred the leaves of the encircling fringe of trees. The little lake was like an artist's palette set with all the tender greens and pinks and whites and yellows of summer.

"I hope you like my pool?" inquired a voice.

Ethan turned from his survey of the scene and saw that the girl was standing under the shade of a maple a little distance up the slope. She was all in white, as yesterday, but a broad-brimmed hat of soft white straw hid her hair and threw a shadow over her face. Ethan raised his own less picturesque panama and bowed.

"It's looking fine to-day, I think," he answered. "Perhaps just a little bit ornate, though. There's such a thing as over-decorating even a lotus pool."

He turned the bow of the canoe toward the bank, swung it skilfully and stepped ashore. The girl watched him silently. When he had pulled the nose of the craft onto the grass and dropped his paddle he walked toward her. A little flush crept into her cheeks, but her eyes met his calmly.

"This is all dreadfully wrong, you know," she said gravely. He stopped a few feet away and fanned himself with his hat.

"Yes, very warm, isn't it?" he agreed affably.

"In the first place," she went on severely, "you are trespassing."

"I beg your pardon?" he asked as though he had not comprehended.

"I said you are trespassing."

"Oh! Yes, of course. Well, really, you couldn't expect me to

sit out there in that hot sun, could you now? I—I have a rather delicate constitution."

"But you were trespassing before! Coming up here only makes it worse."

"Better I call it," he answered, turning to look back unregretfully at the pool.

"And then—then it is equally wrong for me to stay here and talk to you."

"Oh, come now!" he objected. "Nymphs in my day were not so conventional!"

"So I shall leave you," she continued, unheeding and turning away.

"Then I shall go with you."

"You wouldn't dare!" she cried.

"Why not? Really, Miss Clytie, I am fairly respectable and I know of no reason why you shouldn't be seen in my company. I have never done murder and never stolen less than a million dollars at a time. To be sure, I hope to become a practising attorney in the course of a year or so, but as yet my honor is unsullied."

She hesitated, her eyes turned in the direction of the house.

"Besides," he added hastily, "I was going to tell you what I know about you."

"Then," she answered reluctantly, "I'll stay—a minute."

"Thank you. And shall we be comfortable during that minute? 'Come, let us sit upon the ground and tell sad stories of the death of kings.'"

She shook her head.

"Please!" he begged. "You will never be able to stand during all I have to tell you. Besides, you forget my delicate physique; I have been repeatedly warned against over-exertion."

She sank gracefully to the grass in a billowing of white muslin, smiling and frowning at once as though annoyed by his persistence, yet too amiable to refuse. All of which produced its effect, Ethan realizing that she was doing him a great favor and becoming duly grateful. He followed her example, seating himself on the turf in front of her, paying, however, less attention to the disposition of his feet. Unconsciously his hand sought a pocket, then dropped away again. She laughed softly.

"Please do," she said.

"You're sure you don't mind?"

"Not at all," she answered. So he produced his cigarette case and then his match-box and finally blew a breath of gray smoke toward the motionless branches overhead.

"Feel better?" she asked sympathetically.

"Much, thank you."

"Then you may begin."

"Begin——?"

"Tell me what you know about me."

"Oh! To be sure. Well, let me see. In the first place, your name is Laura Devereux. I am right?"

She smiled mockingly.

"I haven't agreed to tell you that."

"Oh! But I know I am. I haven't asked any questions, for that would have been taking an unfair advantage, I fancy. But I happened to overhear yesterday afternoon at the Inn that a family by the name of Devereux had taken The Larches. And, as I have been in Riverdell before, I know where The Larches is—are—Would you say is or are?"

"I am only a listener."

"Then I shall say am, to be on the safe side; I know where The Larches am. You are living at The Larches."

"No, I—I am merely staying there."

"For the summer; exactly. That's what I meant. When you are at home you live in Boston. I won't tell you how I discovered that, but it was quite fairly."

"Do I—are you sure I am a Bostonian?"

"Hm! Now that you mention it—I am not. Perhaps your family moved to Boston from somewhere else?"

"Yes?"

"From—let me see! Pennsylvania? But no, you don't talk like a Pennsylvanian. Maryland? No again. Where, please?"

"But I haven't acknowledged the correctness of any of your premises yet," she objected.

"But you don't dare tell me I'm wrong," he challenged.

"At least, I am not going to tell you so," she answered.

"That is as good as an admission!"

"Very well," she replied serenely. "And now that you know so much about me—that is all, by the way?"

"So far," he replied.

"Then don't you think I ought to know something about you?"

"I am flattered that you care to." He laid a hand over his heart and bowed profoundly.

"My curiosity is of the idlest imaginable," she responded cruelly.

"I regret that bow," he said. "However, I shall tell you anyhow. I am like the prestidigitateur in that I have nothing to conceal. And," he added ruefully, "mighty little to reveal. My name is

Parmley, surnamed Ethan. I am holding nothing back there, for I have no middle name. It has been a custom in our family since the days of the disreputable old Norman robber from whom we are descended to exclude middle names. I was born in this same Commonwealth of Massachusetts of well-to-do and honest parents, both of whom have been dead for some years. I was an only child. Pray, Miss Devereux, consider——"

"If you don't mind," she interrupted, "I'd rather you didn't call me that. I haven't owned to it, you know."

"Pardon me! I was about to ask you, Miss Clytie, to consider that fact when weighing my faults. As a child I was intensely interesting; I have gathered as much from my mother. I passed successfully through the measles, mumps, scarlet fever and whooping-cough. I also had the postage-stamp, bird-egg and autograph manias. Later I wriggled my way through a preparatory school—a sort of hot-house for tender young snobs—and later managed, by the skin of my teeth and a condition or two, to enter college. As it has been the custom for the Parmleys to go to Harvard, I went there too. I am boring you frightfully?"

"No."

"I succeeded in completing a four-year course in five. Some chaps do it in three, but I didn't want to appear arrogant. I took it leisurely and finished in five. Then, as there had never been a lawyer in the family, I decided to study law. I entered the Harvard Law School and graduated a few weeks ago. I am now spending a hard-earned vacation. In September I am to enter a law firm in Providence as a sort of dignified office-boy.

"I am the possessor of some worldly wealth, not a great deal, but enough for one of my simple tastes. I am even a member of the landed gentry, since I own a piece of land with a house on it. I also own an automobile, and it is that I have to thank for this pleasant meeting."

She smiled a question.

"I left Boston bright and early Monday morning with Farrell. Farrell calls himself a chauffeur, in proof of which he displays a license and a badge. If it wasn't for that license and that badge I'd never suspect it. Farrell's principal duty seems to be to hand me wrenches and screw-drivers and things when I lie on my back in the road and take a worm's-eye view of the machine. All went as nice as you please until we reached a spot some two miles north of this charming hamlet. There things happened. I won't weary you with a detailed list of the casualties. Suffice it to say that I walked into Riverdell and Farrell followed an hour later leaning luxuriously back in the car and watching that the tow-rope didn't snap. I ate

a supplementary breakfast at the Inn while Farrell entertained the blacksmith, and then, having nothing better to do, I dropped the canoe into the water and paddled downstream. Ever since I stole my first apple forbidden territory has possessed an unholy fascination for me, and that is why, perhaps, I roamed up the brook and stumbled, as it were, into Arcady."

"What color is your machine?" she asked.

"Exceedingly blue."

"And— isn't it almost repaired?"

"Er—almost, yes."

"It is taking a long while, seems to me."

"Well, its malady was grave. I think it had tonsillitis, judging from the sounds it made."

"Indeed? But it seemed to go very well."

"I beg your pardon?"

"I said that it seemed to go very well."

"You have seen it?"

"Yes, it passed the house yesterday at about two o'clock."

"There are a great many blue cars in the world," he defended.

"Has it returned yet?" she asked, unheeding.

"No. The fact is, I was on my way to Stillhaven to visit friends there, so I sent the car on for them to use. I have observed that, failing my presence, the car does fairly well for my friends."

"What a pessimist! And you are staying in Riverdell?"

"For a few days, yes; at the Roadside."

"Riverdell should feel flattered to find that you prefer it to Stillhaven as a summer resort." She gathered her skirts together with one hand and started to rise. Ethan jumped to his feet and enjoyed the intoxicating felicity of feeling her hand in his.

"Thank you," she murmured, smoothing her gown. Then, with a return of that provoking, mocking little smile, "Would it be a terrible blow to your vanity," she asked, "if I were to tell you that your guesses are all wrong?"

"Terrible," he answered anxiously.

"Then I won't tell you," she said soothingly.

"But—but—they're not wrong, are they?"

"Where ignorance is bliss——" she murmured.

"But I'd rather know! Tell me the worst, please!"

She shook her head smilingly.

"Good-bye," she said.

"Aren't you going to let me see you again?" he asked dolefully. Again she shook her head.

"I have had the offer of a new pool," she said, "one with all modern improvements, and I think I shall move."

"But—now, look here, it isn't fair! What am I to do? It's evident you've never spent a holiday in Riverdell, or else you'd appreciate my plight. There's nothing to do save paddle around on that idiotic little river. And every time I'm afraid the water will leak out when I'm not watching it and leave me high and dry. If only for charity, please let me come here and see you now and then—just for a moment! I'll be very good, really; I'll even agree to stay in the canoe and frizzle before your eyes!"

"You speak," she answered perplexedly, "as though I had invited you to come to Riverdell, or at least as though I were to blame for your remaining here!"

He resisted the words that sprang to his lips.

"I beg your pardon, then. I wouldn't for the world imply anything so absolutely criminal. But I am here and I am bored; and surely you haven't so many excitements, so many engagements in the mornings but that you can spend a few moments communing with nature here at the pool? Of course, I don't recommend myself as an excitement; perhaps I'm more of a narcotic; but I'll do anything in my power to amuse you! I'll—I'll even tell you fairy stories or sing to you; and I've never done either in my life!"

"That is indeed an inducement then," she laughed. "But—good-bye."

"You won't?"

"Do you think it likely?" she asked a trifle haughtily.

"Not when you look like that," he answered dismally.

"Good-bye," she said again, moving away.

"Good morning," he answered. His eyes were on the ground where she had been sitting. He took a step forward. From there he watched her pass up the slope under the trees. At the last she turned back and looked regretfully at the pool shimmering in the noontide heat.

"I shall be sorry to leave it," she said softly, yet distinctly. "Perhaps—I shall change my mind."

Then she went on, passing from shadow to sunlight, until the trees hid her. When she was quite out of sight Ethan lighted a cigarette, smiling the while. Then he flicked aside the charred match, lifted his left foot, stooped and picked up a little white wad which, as he gently shook it out, became a dainty white handkerchief. He looked at it, held it to his nose, touched it to his lips, folded it carefully and clumsily and placed it in his pocket. Then he turned toward the pool and the canoe.

"She's a coquette," he muttered, "an arrant coquette. But—but she's simply—ripping!"

VI.

ETHAN finished his second cigarette and tossed it hissing into the pool. The nearest swan immediately paddled over to investigate. Ethan sighed exasperatedly.

"Go ahead, then, you old idiot!" he muttered. "You won't like it any better than you liked the last one; they're out of the same box; but try it if you want to. There, I told you so! Oh, that's it; blame me now! Blessed if you aren't almost human!"

He looked for the twentieth time toward where the corner of the white pergola gleamed through the trees and for the twentieth time turned his gaze disappointedly away again. He had been there almost three-quarters of an hour, and he wasn't going to stay another minute! If she didn't want to come, all right! Only she wouldn't get her handkerchief if she didn't! He had begun to doubt this morning whether she had dropped that article on purpose, as he had suspected yesterday. If it had been an accident she had probably returned already and searched for it, and he could not base his hopes of seeing her on the score of the handkerchief. It was quite evident, anyhow, that she wasn't coming. That farewell remark of hers which he had translated to his own liking meant nothing, after all. He would throw his things into his bag and go on to Stillhaven after dinner. He had been a comical ass to fool around here like this tagging after a girl who didn't want to be bothered with him and risking dyspepsia at the Inn! And what the deuce was he thinking about women for, anyway? Hadn't he taken a solemn vow on the occasion of his first, last and only affair to leave them severely alone? He grinned reminiscently.

That had been a desperate affair, brief and tragic. It had occurred in his freshman year. *She* was a "saleslady" in a florist's shop on the Avenue. She had cheeks like one of the bridesmaid roses she sold, a tip-tilted nose, sparkling gray eyes and a mass of black hair which stood up from her forehead in a mighty rolling billow and smelled headily of violet perfume when she pinned a carnation to his coat. It had been love at first sight with Ethan, and he had seldom appeared in public without a flower in his button-hole. He remembered with something between a shudder and a sigh the exaltation of pride and joy with which he had accompanied her to the theatre that first time! When he had returned from his Christmas vacation to find her engaged to the red-haired drug-clerk on the next corner he had promptly become a confirmed misogynist. During the seven years which had elapsed between that time and this he had relented somewhat, had gone through more than one mild flirtation and had kept his heart. There had been so many,

many other things to occupy him that love had remained unconsidered. And now, what was he doing here, sitting in a canoe in a lily pond when he ought of right to be at Stillhaven helping Vincent sail the "Sea Lark" in the club races? Wasn't he making a fool of himself again? Then something white moved toward him between the trees and the question went unanswered.

"I think I must have lost a handkerchief here yesterday," she announced by way of greeting and explanation.

"A handkerchief?" he cried. "Let me help you search."

"Oh, don't bother! It doesn't matter, of course, only—I thought that if it was here I'd get it."

But Ethan was already out of the canoe.

"Er—what was it like?" he asked.

"Rather plain, I think; just a narrow lace edge."

They looked diligently over the grass. Plainly it was not there. She raised her head, brushed a stray lock of hair from her forehead and laughed.

"I'm always losing them," she said apologetically.

"Perhaps," he suggested, "it might be well to offer a reward."

"A splendid idea!" she cried. "We'll post it on this tree here. Have you a piece of paper? And a pencil?"

"Both." He tore the front from an envelope and handed her his pencil. She accepted them and set herself down on the grass.

"Oh, dear, what shall I write on? The canoe paddle? Thanks. Now let me see. What shall I say?"

"You must start by writing 'Lost!' in big letters at the top. That's it." Ethan's rôle of adviser carried delicious privileges. It allowed him to kneel quite close behind her and observe the pink lobe of one small ear from a position of disquieting proximity.

"And then what?"

"I beg your pardon!" he said, with a start. "Why, then—er—let me see. 'Lost'——"

"I have that," she said demurely.

"A small handkerchief belonging——"

"How did you know it was small?" she asked with smiling interest.

"They always are," he answered. "Where was I?"

"A small handkerchief belonging'——"

"That doesn't sound quite ship-shape. Let's try again. 'Lost, a small lady's'——"

They laughed together as though it was a most novel and excellent joke.

"I don't care to advertise my smallness," she objected.

"Well, once more now. 'Lost, a small handkerchief with a funny little lace border and an embroidered D in the left-hand lower corner. Finder——'"

"An embroidered D?" she asked puzzledly.

"Wasn't it a D?"

"Perhaps it was," she allowed. She leaned a little farther forward, for the brief glance she had cast toward him had revealed the fact that his head was startlingly near. "And—and the reward?" she asked a trifle constrainedly.

"Finder may keep same for his honesty!"

"But—but that's ridiculous!" she cried. "What's the use of advertising at all?"

"To save the finder from committing theft," he answered soberly. "Think of his conscience!"

"How do you know it's a 'him'?" she asked carelessly.

"I used the masculine gender merely in a—er—general way."

"Oh!"

"Yes. Have you written that?"

"No, what's the good of it? If the finder is dishonest enough to keep it he may look after his own conscience!"

"That's unchristian," he answered sadly.

"I'll do this, though," she said. "If the finder will produce it I will allow him to keep it on one condition."

"And that?" he asked suspiciously.

"If there is a D on it he may have it. Otherwise——"

The finder produced it, unfolded it and looked at the "left-hand lower corner."

"Well?" she asked, smilingly. He frowned.

"It—it looks more like an H," he answered.

"It is an H! Now may I have it?"

"But it ought to be a D," he said. "H stands neither for Devereux, Laura, nor Clytie."

"I never said it did!"

"This is quite plainly not your property," he went on, refolding it. "Being unable to find the owner, I shall retain possession of it."

"But it's mine!" she cried.

"Yours? What does the H stand for, then?"

She hesitated and flushed.

"I never said my name was Laura Devereux," she murmured.

"No, but you see I happen to know that it is." He replaced the handkerchief in his pocket. Then he reached forward and took the paper and envelope from her lap. "I shall write an advertisement myself," he said.

She watched him while he did so, biting her lip in smiling vexation. When it was done he passed the composition across to her.

"FOUND!"

"A lady's lace-bordered handkerchief bearing the initial H in one corner. Owner may recover same by proving ownership and rewarding finder. Apply to Vertumnus, care Clytie, Lotus Pool, Arcadia, between ten and twelve."

"What's the reward?" she asked. He shook his head thoughtfully.

"I haven't decided yet. Something—rather nice, I fancy."

A faint flush crept into her cheeks and she turned her gaze toward the pool.

"It is much cooler to-day," she said.

"Yes, last night's thunder-storm cleared the air," he replied, in a similar conversational tone. She glanced at the tiny watch hanging at her belt. Then she murmured something and sprang lightly to her feet before Ethan could go to her assistance.

"You are not going?" he asked in dismay.

She nodded gravely.

"But it's quite early!"

"I don't think it right to associate with dishonesty," she answered severely. "You know very well that that handkerchief is mine!"

"Yes, I do," he answered. "That is, I saw you drop it yesterday. Probably it belongs really to someone else. Unless—" he smiled—"unless you bought it at a bargain sale? In which case the initial didn't really matter, I suppose."

"Will you give it to me?" she asked unsmilingly.

"But it's such a little thing!" he pleaded earnestly. "You have so many more that surely the loss of this one won't inconvenience you. And I—I've taken a fancy to it."

"That's a convenient excuse for theft!" she answered.

"It's the only one I have to offer," he replied humbly.

"But—it's so absurd!" she cried impatiently. "What can you want with it?"

He was silent a moment. She glanced furtively at his face and then moved a few steps toward the house.

"I wonder if you really want me to tell you?" he mused.

"Tell me what?" she asked uneasily.

"Why I want to keep it."

"I don't think I am—especially interested," she answered coldly.

"Are you going to return it?"

"Maybe; in a moment. You don't want to hear the reason?"

"I—Oh, well, what is the reason?" she asked impatiently.

"A very simple one. As a handkerchief merely it doesn't attract me especially. I have seen more beautiful ones, I think——"

"Well!" she gasped.

"My desire to keep it arises from the simple fact that it is yours, Clytie."

She strove to meet his gaze with one exhibiting the proper amount of haughty resentment. But the attempt was a failure. After the first glance her eyes fell, the blood crept into her face and she turned quickly away.

"May I keep it, please?" he asked softly.

She went swiftly up the little slope under the trees.

"Clytie!" he called. She paused, without turning, to listen.

"May I keep it?"

Clytie dropped her head and passed quickly from sight.

VII.

ETHAN stretched his arms, chastely clad in striped blue and white madras, yawned expansively, kicked his legs loose from the sheet in which they were entangled, and awoke; awoke to find the sunlight dancing across the room and making radiant blurs of his brushes on the old mahogany bureau; awoke to find a robin fervently launching his brief ballad in through the window from the branches just outside; awoke to find himself in a new and very wonderful world, a world populated by a girl with violet eyes, a reiterating robin, and himself!

He was in love!

Knowledge of the fact came to him with a heart-clutching abruptness. He had gone to sleep last night without premonition; he awoke now to a startling illumination of mind. Whence had the tidings come? From the dancing sunlight streaming across the old boards? From the scented breeze that stirred the leaves out there? From the perfervid gossip of the swelling throat? Who could tell? And yet there it was, that knowledge, as real as the green summer earth awaiting him, as much a part of his life as the breath he drew!

He lay for a long while with his hands clasped under his head and gazed out into the beautiful green and golden and azure world, with a happy smile on his face, thinking new and ineffable thoughts. It is a glorious thing to find oneself really, wholly in love for the first time, glorious, wonderful, absorbing . . .

The robin ceased his pæan and was silent, with his head cocked attentively. Perhaps his ears were better than yours or mine and

he heard a song sweeter and more triumphant than any of his own, for after a moment of listening he spread his wings and floated down across sunlit spaces to the orchard.

I wonder if the safety razor was not invented for the man in love. Certain it is that Ethan could never have used any other sort this morning. At times, driven by a mad impatience to be out and away, he shaved frantically, as though he feared that Nature would roll up her landscape and be gone ere he could reach it; at times he stood motionless, gazing unseeingly at the tip of his nose reflected in the old mirror. Now he whistled blithely, only to stop in the middle of a note and relapse into a silent gravity. In short, he exhibited all the symptoms, mental and physical, usually accompanying his disease; temperature increased, pulse at once full and fluttering, respiration erratic, pupils of the eyes slightly dilated, mind apparently affected.

He dressed with unusual care, bemoaning the fact that his choice of garments was limited to two suits. Neither blue serge nor gray homespun seemed fitted for the occasion; his heart hankered after purple and fine linen. But at last he was dressed and was hurrying down the creaking staircase to a late breakfast. Forty minutes later he was floating amidst the lilies of Arcady.

* * * * *

That line of stars, dear reader, is the typographic equivalent of three wasted hours in the life of Ethan Parmley,—three empty, unhappy hours spent in and about a silly old puddle smelling like an apothecary shop (I am using his own language now) with only a trio of idiotic swans to talk to. The Nymph of the Violet Eyes came not.

And yet he saw her that day, after all; caught a fleeting glimpse of her that at once assuaged and sharpened his hunger. He was on the porch of the Inn after dinner smoking, morosely, when a smart trap swept by from the direction of The Larches. It contained a coachman and two ladies. One of the ladies had violet eyes, though, as her head was turned away from him and partly hidden by a white parasol, he could not have proved it at the moment. As for the other, he couldn't have said whether she was young or old, fair or dark. The pair of glistening, well-groomed bays left Ethan scant time for observation. In a twinkling the carriage and its precious burden were gone. And although he never left the porch for more than a minute at a time all the rest of that interminable summer afternoon he found no reward. There were other roads leading to The Larches.

The evening mail brought him a note from Vincent Graves:

An Adventure in Arcady

"Farrell showed up here Monday with the car and your note. I tried to find out from him what you were up to, but he either didn't know or exercised a discretion I never credited him with. I hope it is nothing more than sunstroke; folks have been known to recover from that with their minds almost as good as new. Anyhow, I am coming over in a few days to see for myself. I know all about mythology—accent on the *myth*. But look here, no poaching on my preserves! I finished third yesterday on time-allowance; would have done better if I hadn't carried away my jib at the outer mark. No wind to speak of. Can't you come on for Saturday's race? We've had the car out once or twice. There's something wrong with it. Farrell has it in hospital to-day. My compliments to her, but tell her I need you here.

"Yours,

"VINCENT."

After supper Ethan drew a chair to the open window of his room, set the lamp precariously on the bureau where the light would fall upon the portfolio in his lap, and replied to Vincent.

"My dear Vincent (he wrote), life moves sweetly in Arcadia. Clytie, she who beside her blossom-starred pool has so long gazed, enamored, upon the fiery Apollo, now hearkens to the wooing tones of green-garlanded Vertumnus. No more she fills the leafy hollow with her tears and soft reproaches, but reclined where shading branches defy the sun god's fiercest rays, she smiles betimes upon Vertumnus. And he, bathing his heart in the warm blue pools of her eyes, forgets and forswears the too-coy Pomona. So, friend, runs the drama of Clytie the dawn-eyed Nymph of the Lotus Pool; of Apollo, radiant and unapproachable Lord of the Sun; and of Vertumnus, humble and enamored God of the Seasons. Friend, for love of me, petition fair Venus to aid my cause!

"And now Jove be with you! The night wind steals sweetly through Arcadia's moonlit glades and bears to my nostrils the heart-stirring fragrance of lily and of lotus. It is Clytie's breath upon my cheek. Ah, my friend, I weep for you that you can never know the love of a god for a nymph in Arcady! May Somnus, gentlest of the gods, send thee sweet dreams. Farewell.

"VERTUMNUS.

"And now, having read this over, I see clearly that it is beyond your understanding, my friend, and so it may be that it will never reach your eyes."

It never did.

VIII.

It sometimes rains even in Arcady.

When Ethan arose the next morning he found that Apollo was taking a rest and that Jupiter was having things all his own way. At the foot of the orchard the little river was foaming and boiling with puny ferocity. The grass was beaten and drenched and the foliage was adrip. But in the shelter of the elm outside the window

a robin chirped cheerfully, thinking doubtless of gustatory joys to come.

"Well, you're taking it philosophically, my friend," muttered Ethan, "and I might as well follow your example, even though I have a soul above fat worms. It's got to stop sometime, and I might as well make the best of it meanwhile. Still," he added ruefully, "a whole day in this ramshackle old ark doesn't appeal to me much."

He dressed leisurely, ate breakfast slowly, and afterward sought to kill time with a book by a window in the tap-room. The volume, a paper-clad novel left by some former guest, answered well enough. It is doubtful if he could have given undivided attention to the most engrossing story ever written. The rain, streaking down the tiny panes, caught strange hues from the old glass and the light from the crackling logs in the fire-place. Sometimes they were green like tender new apple leaves in May, sometimes blue like rain-drenched violets, like—no, not like but, rather, reminiscent of, certain eyes! Ah, there was food for thought! The novel was turned face-downward on his knee, the cigarette drooped thoughtfully from the corner of his mouth and his hands went deep into his pockets. Those eyes! Rain-drenched violets? By jove, yes! No simile, no comparison could be better! Rain-drenched violets touched by the yellow light of the sun stealing back through gray clouds! Rather an elaborate description, he thought with a smile at his sentimentalism. The smile deepened as he recalled the infinitesimal blue circle under the left eye, a little blue vein showing with charming distinctness against the warm pallor of the skin like a vein in soft-toned marble. It was a little thing to recall, little in all ways, but it seemed to him a veritable triumph of the memory! By half closing his eyes he could almost see it.

Slam!

The paper-covered novel fell to the floor and lay fluttering its leaves in helpless appeal. He rescued it and sought his place again, smiling with real amusement over his foolishness.

"I'm certainly behaving like an idiot," he thought. "I never knew being in love was so—so deuced unsettling. First thing I know, if I don't keep a pretty steady hand on the reins, I'll be writing poetry or roaming around the place cutting hearts and initials in the tree-trunks! H'm; let me see now; where was I? Ah, here we have it!

"Garrison laid the diamond trinket gently back on the desk and puffed slowly at his cigar. Presently he turned with disconcerting abruptness to Mrs. Staniford. "There is no possibility of mistake?" he asked. "None," was the firm reply. "You could swear

to the identity of this jewel in court?" "Yes." Garrison whipped a small round, black object from his pocket and settled it against his eye. Then he took up the trinket again and bent over it closely. "My dear madam," he said softly, "if you did that you would be making a grave mistake." "What do you mean?" she cried fiercely. "I mean," was the smiling response, "that this is not one of your jewels,—unless—" "Well?" she prompted impatiently. "Unless, my dear madam, you wear paste!" A sharp involuntary exclamation of surprise startled them. They turned quickly. Lord Burslem was crossing the library with white, set face.

"Pshaw! I knew all along the things were paste," sighed Ethan. "Singleton is Mrs. Staniford's son by a former marriage and she has pinched the stones and given them to him to get him out of a scrape, something to do with that lachrymose Miss Deene, maybe; at least, something she knows about. Laurence is as innocent as the untrod-den snow, or whatever the correct simile is, and if I keep on to the last chapter I'll find out that fact. But I prefer to believe him guilty. He wore a gardenia in his button-hole, and that settles it. I can't stand for a man who wears gardenias. I insist that he is guilty."

He tossed the book half-way across the room, arose, stretched his long arms above his head and stared out of the window. The rain was falling straight down from the dark sky in a manner that would doubtless have pleased Isaac Newton greatly, showing as it did so perfectly the attraction of gravitation. The drops were of immense size, and when one struck the window pane it spread itself out into a very pool before it trickled down to the sash. Ethan watched for awhile, then yawned, glanced at his watch and lounged in to dinner.

About three o'clock the sky lightened somewhat and the torrential downpour gave way to a quiet drizzle. He donned a rain-coat and sought the road. It was not bad walking, for the surface was well drained, and he had put three-quarters of a mile behind him before he had considered either distance or destination. Then, looking around and finding the highway lined on the right by an ornamental iron fence through which shrubs thrust their wet leaves, he smiled and shrugged his shoulders.

"I didn't mean to come here," he said to himself, "but now that I'm here I might as well go on and tantalize myself with a look at the house."

Another minute brought him to a broad gate, flanked by high stone pillars. A well-kept drive-way swept curving back to a large white house, a house a little too pretentious to entirely please Ethan. On one side,—the side, as he knew, nearest the lotus pool,—an uncov-

ered porch jutted out, and from this steps led to a white pergola. The latter was a recent addition and as yet the grapevines had not succeeded wholly in covering its nakedness. From one of the windows on the lower floor of the house a dull orange glow emanated.

"They've got a fire there," said Ethan, "and she's sitting in front of it. Wish I was!"

He settled the collar of his raincoat closer about his neck to keep out the drops, and sighed.

"You know," he went on then, somewhat defiantly, addressing himself apparently to the residence, "there's no reason why I shouldn't walk right up the drive, ring the bell and ask for— for Mr. Devereux. I've got the best excuse in the world. And once inside it would be odd if I didn't see Her. I've half a mind to do it! Only—perhaps she'd rather I wouldn't. And—I won't."

He took a final survey of the premises and turned away with another sigh. Before he had reached the Inn the clouds had broken in the south and a little wind was shaking the rain-drops from the leaves along the road.

"A good sailing breeze," he thought. "And, by the bye, this is Saturday. I ought to be at Stillhaven helping Vin win that race. I suppose I've disappointed him. However, a fellow can't be in two places at once; he ought to know that."

IX.

THE little breeze had held all night, and this morning the trees and shrubs were quite dry again, but looking better for their bath. It was Sunday, and as the canoe floated into the harbor of the lotus pool a distant church bell was ringing. Perhaps, he told himself with a sudden sinking of the heart, he was doomed to another day without sight of Clytie; for it might be that the family would drive to church. But the first fair look about him dispelled his forebodings. She was standing at the border of the pool throwing crumbs of bread to the swans. She saw him at almost the same moment and smiled across.

"Don't come any nearer, please," she said. "You'll scare them."

He dipped his paddle obediently and sat silent in the rocking craft until the last crumb had been distributed and she had brushed the crumbs from her outstretched hands. Stooping, she picked a book from the grass and faced him.

"May I come ashore?" he asked.

"You are already trespassing dreadfully," she objected.

"In for a penny, in for a pound," he replied, sending the canoe forward. "'Might as well be hanged for a sheep as a lamb.' And if I could think of any other proverbs applicable to the matter I'd

quote them." He jumped out and pulled the bow of the canoe on to the turf.

"You won't mind, however, if I decline to stay and be hung with you?" she asked.

"On the contrary, I should mind very much. In fact, I demand that you remain and go bail for me in case I'm apprehended."

"I fear I couldn't afford it," she answered.

"Doubtless your word would serve," he said. "Perhaps, if you told them the excellent character I bear, you might get me off scot-free."

"But I don't think I know enough about your character."

"There's something in that," he allowed. "Perhaps you had better observe me closely for the next hour or two. One can learn a great deal about another person's character by observation."

"How can I do that if I go to church?"

"You can't. That's one reason why you're not going to church."

"Oh! And—are there other reasons?"

"Yes."

"Perhaps you had better give a few of them. I don't think the first one is especially convincing."

"Well, another one is that I haven't seen you for three days."

She shook her head gravely.

"Go on, please."

"Not good enough? Well, then, another reason is that you haven't seen me for three days."

She laughed amusedly.

"Worse and worse," she said.

"I didn't think you'd care much for that argument," he responded cheerfully. "It was somewhat in the nature of an experiment, you see. But the real unanswerable reason is this: I have missed seeing you very much, I have been very dull, you are naturally kind-hearted and would not unnecessarily cause pain or disappointment, and I beg of you to give me a few moments of your cheerful society! Is that—better?"

"I don't particularly care for it," she replied indifferently.

"Miss Devereux——"

"What have I told you?" she warned.

"I beg pardon! But—now, really, please let me call you by a Christian name! I—I'd like to graduate from mythology."

"I don't think it would be proper for you to call me by my Christian name," she answered demurely.

"A Christian name, I said," he answered patiently. "Tell me why you don't want me to address you as Miss Devereux, please."

"Because——". She stopped and dropped her gaze. "We've never been properly introduced, have we?"

"True! Allow me, pray! Miss Devereux, may I present Mr. Parmley? Mr. Parmley, Miss Devereux!" He stepped forward, smiling politely and murmuring his pleasure, and ere she knew what was happening he was shaking hands with her. "Awfully glad to meet you, Miss Devereux!" he assured her cordially.

She backed away, striving to draw her hand from his, and laughing merrily.

"Is that what you call a proper introduction?" she asked.

"Well, it's the best I could do under the circumstances," Ethan answered. "Having no mutual acquaintances handy, you see,——"

"Don't you think—you might let go now?" she asked, her laughter dying down to a nervous smile.

"Let go?" he echoed questioningly.

"Please! You have my hand!"

He looked down at it in mild surprise; then into her face.

"Isn't that the strangest thing? I was never so surprised——!"

"But—Mr. Parmley, please let go," she begged.

"You don't mean to say that I still have it?" He tried to seem at ease and to speak carelessly, but his heart was pounding as though striving to do the Anvil Chorus all by itself, and his voice wasn't quite steady.

"I do," she answered coldly, biting her lip a little. A disk of red burned in each cheek. Her eyes were fixed on his imprisoning hand. "Besides, you are hurting me," she added, falling back upon the fib which is a woman's last resource in such a quandary. But he shook his head soberly.

"Pardon me, but that's impossible. You will observe that my hand is quite loose about yours. Accuse me of unlawful detention, if you wish, but not of cruelty."

"But—but it is my hand," she protested faintly.

"Well, that is nothing to boast of," he replied smiling somewhat tremulously. She had kept her eyes from him all along and he was determined to see them before he gave up. "Look at mine; it's twice as big!"

The brown lashes fluttered for an instant and Ethan nerved himself for the shock of looking into those violet eyes. He didn't know what was going to happen, he assured himself in a sudden delicious panic, and he didn't much care. Probably he would do something awfully rude, something that would frighten and anger her, something for which she would never forgive him! Perhaps the sudden trembling of his hand about hers warned her, for the lashes lay still again. A moment of silence followed, during which Ethan's heart

threatened to choke him. Then all at once the little warm hand ceased tugging and lay limp and inert in his. She turned her head and looked toward the trees and the shade.

"If we are going to hold hands for any length of time," she remarked coolly, "perhaps we had better sit down and be comfortable."

Ethan released her instantly, while a wave of burning color swept across his face. He felt terribly small and ridiculous! He realized that he had taken it for granted that she had been experiencing emotions similar to his own, and instead of that she had been only bored and—and exasperated! He followed her laggingly up the slope, savagely calling himself names and meditating a retirement in such order as was still possible. She seated herself comfortably on the grass with her back against the smooth round trunk of a maple and patted down her skirts. Then she glanced up at him calmly.

"Do you realize," she asked, "that you have made me late for church?"

He was grateful for that ready change of subject and piqued that she should be so little disconcerted. His own heart was still dancing.

"I am an humble instrument of Providence," he answered as lightly as he could, dropping to the ground at a respectful distance from the tips of her small shoes.

"That sounds a little sacrilegious," she said. "Besides—*humble?*"

"Humble, yes," he answered. "I can't think of a better word, unless it is 'abashed.'"

"But why do you call yourself an instrument of Providence? Because you live there?"

"That sounds a little sacrilegious," he quoted. "I meant that if you had gone to church you would have made yourself very warm and possibly returned with a headache. I have saved you from that."

"Thank you! But of course if it hadn't been for the introduction I couldn't have stayed!"

"That is understood," he responded with becoming gravity. She smiled across as though amused by some thought, and Ethan felt vaguely uncomfortable.

"It's possible," she said thoughtfully, "that you might have found a mutual acquaintance after all to perform the ceremony for you."

"Oh, I dare say; one usually can if one hunts long enough. It's a common enough process, and not especially difficult. For instance, I ask, 'You are acquainted in Boston, Miss Dev—Miss Unknown?' You reply 'Slightly, Mr. Parmley.' 'Perhaps you know the Smiths?' 'Smith, Smith? N—no, I don't think so. Are

they friends of the Joneses?' 'I dare say; I've never met the Joneses. Come to think of it, though, there were some Joneses visiting the Robinsons at Nahant last summer; he is a banker, I think; there were two daughters and a son just entering college,' 'Oh, were you at Nahant?' you inquire. 'Then perhaps you met the Browns there?' 'Yes.' 'Really? Isn't that jolly? Did you know Gwendolin?' 'Well, rather!' I reply in a tone insinuating that it was rather desperate while it lasted. 'Isn't that odd?' you exclaim. 'Yes, funny how small the world is, isn't it?' I remark with startling originality. Then we're acquainted. Yes, it's simplicity itself."

"It certainly sounds so!" she laughed. "Let us try it!"

"Very well."

She frowned intently for a moment, then,

"Are you acquainted in Stillhaven, Mr. Parmley?" she asked.

"Why, yes," he answered, in surprise.

"Then perhaps you know the—the Penniwells?"

"Sorry to say I don't," he replied, laughing.

"No? They live in the next house to the hotel."

"Hotel? Ah, I think I've met the Hotels! Was there a son about my age, with——"

"Don't be absurd!" she laughed. "We'll never get on if you don't go by the rules."

"I thought I was," he answered.

"Let me see! Oh, yes, the Graveses, do you know them?"

"Why, yes; do you?" he answered interestedly.

"I've met them."

"Vincent is a great friend of mine," he said eagerly. "I was on my way to visit them for a while when—when I stopped here."

"Really?" she cried. "How small the world is, after all!"

They laughed together. Then,

"And you know Vin?" he asked.

"Yes, I—I've met him," she replied. Her tone hinted of embarrassment.

"Oh!" said Ethan thoughtfully. Had he discovered the explanation of Vincent's puzzling warning? Was the girl before him the "preserves" referred to by his friend? Ethan's heart sank for a moment. Nonsense! She had plainly implied that she knew him only slightly, in which case she didn't belong any more to Vin than to him. "You don't know him very well, then?" he questioned anxiously.

"Aren't you a—well, just a weeny bit inquisitive?" she asked smilingly.

"It may sound so," he acknowledged, "but, you see, it means a good deal to me; it's rather important."

"Important?" she repeated wonderingly.

"Yes, you see——" But of course he couldn't explain why it was important. So he floundered helplessly a moment. "Yes—that is—well, they are very good friends of mine, Vin especially, and——"

"Oh, you feared perhaps I wasn't a proper person for them to know?"

"Good Heaven, no!"

"Then I don't see——!"

"I don't blame you," he said discouragedly. "Really, I was only talking nonsense. I—I thought that if you knew them well, and I knew them well, then we—we might know each other well!"

She gazed at him sorrowfully a moment. Then she shook her head disappointedly.

"No," she said, "no, that wasn't at all what you meant. I suppose even studying for the law has its effect."

He laughed embarrassedly.

"May I see what you are reading?" he asked.

She lifted the volume from her lap, gravely took a folded handkerchief from between the leaves where it had been doing duty as a mark, and handed him the book.

"I'm sorry you can't trust me," he laughed.

"So am I," was the regretful response. "It is terrible to have a friend both a—a prevaricator and a—a——"

"Embezzler," he suggested helpfully. "Yes, it is bad. 'Love Sonnets from the Portuguese,'" he continued, reading the title. "May I ask if you were going to take this to church with you?"

"I hadn't thought of it. I suppose, like most men, you consider them silly and sentimental," she challenged.

He shook his head.

"Sweet and sentimental, rather," he replied.

"You could hardly be expected to care for them, I suppose," she said. "Your tastes, if I recollect aright, run rather toward 'The Ingoldsby Legends'!"

"That is indeed unkind," he murmured sorrowfully. "No, I am very fond of these, this one especially; if it were not Sunday I would read it."

"What has Sunday got to do with it?" she asked.

"Perhaps nothing," was the reply. "I dare say it is only my Puritanism cropping out. You know we New Englanders find it very difficult to reconcile pleasure with religion. I can fancy the

ghost of my great-great-great-grandfather, in sugar-loaf hat and with beruffed neck, standing over there in the shadows, holding his hands aloft in holy horror at the sight of me sitting here on Sunday morning with a volume of love-poems in my hands."

"What nonsense!" she cried indignantly. "Isn't love just as holy as—as anything? Isn't——" She stopped abruptly and Ethan, lifting his head, found her gazing toward him with something almost like horror in her wide eyes.

"What is it?" he cried anxiously.

She shook her head and dropped her gaze to the hands folded on her knees.

"Nothing," she said very quietly. She laughed softly, uncertainly. "Will you give me my book, please?" she asked.

"Of course," he answered, still puzzled. Then, as he started to hand it to her, it opened at the fly-leaf and he drew it back. "Laura Frances Devereux," he read aloud. He smiled quizzically as he returned the volume.

"That proves nothing," she replied defiantly. "I—I might have borrowed it."

"True, circumstantial evidence is not absolutely conclusive, unless—unless there is a good deal of it!"

"You may think what you choose," she answered lightly. She looked at her watch and prepared to rise. This time Ethan was ready. She gave him her hand and he helped her to her feet. The hand drew itself gently but determinedly out of his and he let it go without a struggle.

"Must you go?" he asked.

She nodded. Then she laughed.

"If you only knew what trouble I have getting here you'd appreciate——" She broke off, reddening a little.

"I do appreciate," he said earnestly. "And I thank you very much for your kindness this morning to a very undeserving chap. I—do you know, Miss Devereux, I came within an ace of calling at The Larches yesterday afternoon?"

She looked up quickly.

"Yes, I went for a walk in the afternoon and found myself at the gate over there. I could see that you had a fire in the library and——"

"But how did you know it was the library?" she asked.

"Why—er—wasn't it? I supposed it was. Anyhow, it looked dreadfully tempting. I pictured you sitting in front of it, and I very nearly paid a call."

"I'm glad you didn't," she breathed.

"Why?"

"Because—why, you don't know me!"

"I should have asked for your father and introduced myself."

"Well, you certainly don't lack assurance!" she gasped.

"It would have been all right," he assured her cheerfully.

"You wouldn't have found him, though," she said dryly.

"Then I would have asked for Mrs. Devereux, and, failing her, Miss Devereux. You see, yesterday I was a bit desperate," he added smilingly.

"Desperate! I should say foolhardy!"

"Why? Because I wanted to see you? Look here, please; why shouldn't I call on you at the house? As I've told you, I'm fairly respectable. And—and I want to see you—more often! I suppose it sounds dreadfully cheeky," he went on softly, "but I want you to like me, and it doesn't seem to me that I get a fair show."

The color came and went in her cheeks and the violets were hidden from him.

"It certainly does sound—cheeky, as you call it," she said after a moment, rather unsteadily. "Considering that you have seen me but four times."

"Five, if you please. Besides, I don't see that that matters. In fact, I rather think the mischief was done the first time!"

He captured her hand and for a moment it only fluttered in his grasp. Then it tried for liberty, but unsuccessfully. A moment passed, and,

"Are you making love to me, Mr. Parmley?" she asked, with a little amused laugh. It was like a cold douche, but he resisted his first impulse to release her.

"Yes, I am," he answered stoutly. "That's just what I'm doing! And I'm going to keep on doing it until I'm convinced that there's no hope for me. Please don't struggle," he continued, capturing her other hand also. "I'll let you go in just a moment. Maybe I'm behaving a good deal like a bully, but I'm head-over-heels in love with you, Laura, and——"

"No, no! Please!" she cried, with a little catch in her voice.

"What—what have I done?" he asked anxiously.

"I—You mustn't call me that!"

"Very well, I won't—yet. But I think of you as Laura——"

"I don't want you to!"

"Then I'll try not to," he answered gently. "But—couldn't you make me very happy by telling me that I've got a chance with you, dear? Just the ghost of a chance?"

The bowed head shook negatively.

"You won't? Or—you can't?"

"I—I won't," she whispered.

He uttered a cry and strove to draw her toward him, but she resisted with all her strength.

"Please! *Please!*" she gasped.

"I'll—try not to," he said ruefully. "But I may call at the house? You'll let me do that, won't you?"

"I—suppose so," she murmured faintly.

"To-day?" he cried. "To-morrow?"

"No, no! Wait, please; let me think." She raised a pair of troubled eyes to his for an instant. "I must see you again first. I have something to tell you; something which may make a difference. Perhaps—perhaps you won't want to see me again—then!"

He laughed disdainfully.

"Try me! And when will you tell me this—this wonderful news? To-morrow morning? Here?"

She nodded and strove to release her hands. After a moment of indecision he let them go. She stood before him motionless an instant. Then she raised her head slowly and he saw that her eyes were wet. With an inarticulate cry of pain and longing he started forward, but she held a hand against him.

"Please!" she said again, imploringly. His outstretched arms dropped to his sides. "If I shouldn't come—to-morrow—" she began.

"But you've promised!"

"I know." She nodded assent. "But—but if I shouldn't——"

"But you will!" he cried. "I shall be here, dear! Don't fail me! If you don't come I'll go to the house!"

"Then I must," she said with a little smile. "And now——" She went to him and placed her hands on his shoulders and felt him tremble under her touch. She raised her eyes, violets darkened and dewy with unshed tears, to his. "Will you do one thing for me?"

His eyes answered.

"Then, please,—" she dropped her head in sudden shame—"kiss me once—and let me go."

His arms closed about her hungrily, but she held back.

"Promise!" she whispered. "Promise to let me go!"

"Yes," he groaned, "I promise."

For an instant he was looking far, far down into dim, wonderful violet depths . . .

Then he was alone. He turned unseeingly toward the canoe and trod upon the book which lay forgotten on the grass. Stooping, he rescued it and dropped it into his pocket.

"I'm getting to be an awful thief!" he murmured tremulously.

X.

A GLORIOUS golden afternoon, a scintillant silvery night, and then—Dawn's pink finger-tips aquiver on the edges of the hills and the bursting forth of a new day to the exultant overture of Nature's orchestra.

Ethan looked forth from the open window on to the most beautiful sight given to the eyes of mortals,—the fresh, sparkling morning world of summer seen through the magnifying lenses of love. The orchard was fresh and vivid with the tender greens of sun-shot leaves and grass, and dark and cool with pools of pleasant shadow. Dew-gems shimmered under the caressing breeze and the tips of the spreading, reaching branches nodded and whispered together. Beyond, the little silver-voiced river laughed amongst its shallows and flashed in the sunlight. From the marshland came the happy gurgle of a flock of red-winged blackbirds, while fainter, yet sweet and clear, the light-hearted tinkle of the bobolink floated across from the rising meadows. Sleek, well-conditioned robins balanced amidst the apple-trees and sang contentedly between groomings of their red waistcoats. And louder, clearer, gladder sang Ethan's heart.

Dear reader, have you ever been young and in love on a summer morning? Do you recollect how intoxicating was the soft, sweet breeze that entered through the open window? How like liquid gold the sunshine spread across the sill and dripped upon the floor? How every bird-note was but a different rendering of the one sweet name? How eager and impatient you were to be out in the good green world and how loth to cease your dreaming long enough to dress? What a vastly important thing was the selection of a tie or a ribbon? I hope that you remember these things if you have forgotten all else!

The lotus pool never glowed more brilliantly, never sparkled more radiantly than it did this morning. It was not difficult to imagine that those floating cups held the colors into which Nature dipped her brushes ere she painted the summer flowers. The lazy, luxury-loving swans were dozing in the sunlight on their tiny island. The cascade plashed and tinkled over moss and stone. The fringing trees threw welcome shade upon the grassy sides of the little basin. And Ethan, lifting his dripping paddle as the canoe rippled its way across the mirror-like surface, drew a deep breath of the scented air and experienced a sudden bewildering joy of life, an almost paganish exultation. It seemed to him this morning that the world and he drew breath together.

It was early when he floated into Arcady and there were no

violet eyes to greet him. But his impatience was soothed by the happiness which remembrance gave him. He dreamed there in the sunshine, lighting a cigarette now and then and letting it burn itself out unnoticed between his fingers. White clouds floated across the blue sky and across the surface of the pool. Dragon-flies, their metallic-lustrated wings ablaze, darted and turned. Birds sang and insects buzzed, the breeze gossiped to the leaves and the moments passed. When he finally awoke fully from his dreaming and looked wonderingly at his watch the morning was almost gone. He turned disappointed eyes toward the brief vista afforded by the jealous trees. No glimpse of white drapery rewarded him. She had said that she might not come. Why? Vaguely troubled, he propelled the canoe to the bank and stepped out. Under the shade of the maple made forever sacred by their meetings he threw himself down and waited while the long hand of his watch crept laggingly half-way around the dial. But patience had flown, and when the time he had set himself had passed he jumped to his feet and set off up the lawn under the trees.

Presently the corner of the white pergola sprang into view. Then the trees thinned away and he was looking across an open, sun-bathed stretch of lawn at the gleaming house. And as he looked, himself a scarcely noticeable figure against the green shadows of the grove, the front veranda of the house became suddenly peopled with a girl in a white frock and a man in gray flannels. They came together through the doorway and paused side by side at the top of the steps. Even at that distance Ethan recognized them only too well. The man had taken the girl's hand and was speaking to her. Ethan watched for an instant only, yet in that instant he saw with a sudden sinking of the heart how the girl's head, the sunlight aglint on the brown hair, lifted itself with a little gesture of intimate happiness to her companion. Then, in a sickening panic lest he might see more, Ethan turned quickly and plunged back into the shadows.

All the way back to the Inn, with every stroke and lift of the paddle, a refrain hammered ceaselessly at his brain: "No poaching on my preserves! No poaching on my preserves!" What an ass he had been not to understand! He hated Vincent as he had never hated anyone in his life, realizing all the while the absolute injustice of it. Why hadn't he guessed from Vincent's note how the land lay? He might have known that Vincent could have referred to no one but Her. But why couldn't the fool have come out honestly and told him? A week ago, even three days ago would have been time! Then, in the next moment, he knew that that was not so, that it had always been too late, always since that first meeting! Yet why, if

she were Vincent's, had she allowed him to love her? Why had she virtually acknowledged her love for him? Why——

He remembered that kiss with a sudden choking, clutching sensation at his throat. Had she meant nothing by that? Nothing? No, she had meant all, everything that he had hoped! She did love him, and neither Vincent Graves nor anyone else could have her! But that exultation was short-lived. What she had meant was of little moment; she belonged to Vincent by promise if by naught else, and Vincent was his friend.

Things were suddenly greatly simplified. His tangled thoughts smoothed themselves out and he gave a sigh that was partly of relief. At least his duty was plain. "No poaching on my preserves!" He had only to heed that warning and take himself out of the way. That thought steadied him down and his pulses ceased their deafening pounding. It wouldn't be easy, that duty! He knew that well enough, although at this moment he was viewing it almost calmly. When the present excitement passed he would find it hard going!

The prospect of facing Vincent troubled him more than anything else as he drew the canoe from the water and laid it on its rack under the trees. Vincent was probably even now awaiting him up there on the porch. For a moment he thought of taking the canoe again and stealing off up the stream for a ways and then walking across to the station and taking the train for—anywhere out of all this! But it would be a sneaking, cowardly thing to do. Besides, sooner or later Vincent and he must meet, and as well now as any time. He lighted a cigarette with fingers that trembled a little and walked up through the orchard.

As he had expected, Vincent Graves was awaiting him on the porch. He was a tall, dark, fine-looking fellow, with a deep, pleasant voice and a remarkable, careless ease of manner; just the sort of a chap, Ethan told himself, that any sensible girl would fall in love with. Vincent did not see him for a moment, and in that moment Ethan had opportunity to study his friend with a new interest, view him from a novel point. But he found he could not be coldly critical; Vincent was Vincent, wholly admirable and lovable; and Ethan's heart warmed under a sudden inrush of affection as he went forward with outstretched hand.

"Hello, Vin!" he said.

Vincent swung about, seized the hand and grasped it warmly.

"Why, you old chump!" he responded, smiling broadly. "Aren't you ashamed to look me in the eye? What have you been doing with yourself? How's mythology?"

"When did you come up?" asked Ethan, echoing the smile.

"This morning. Stopped at——" He looked at Ethan with a

quick lowering of the eyebrows. "Look here, what's the matter with you? You have the cheerful, care-free countenance of a gentleman strolling to the gallows! Been ill?"

"Ill?" laughed Ethan. "Certainly not; never felt better in my life."

"If you felt any better you'd scream, eh? Well, you've been up to something, Ethan, and you can lie yourself black in the face for all I care. You're going back with me this evening; that's settled. I came over in your machine and for a wonder it didn't even spring a leak. I left it at The Larches," he went on in response to Ethan's questioning survey of the driveway and stable-yard. "I stopped there and made a call." He paused, smiling mysteriously.

"Oh," said Ethan.

"Yes, I—look here, let's take a walk. What time is it? What? Oh, dinner be blowed! Come on, I want to talk a bit. Hang it, Eth, I'll have to talk or bust up like one of your tires!"

"All right," answered Ethan, without enthusiasm. "Smoke?"

Vincent accepted a cigarette and when they had lighted up they passed down the steps and along the road, under the arching elms, Vincent's hand on his friend's shoulder.

"It's largely your fault, old chap," he said presently. He chuckled to himself a moment before continuing. "You see, I got uneasy about your sudden and mysterious affection for this rural paradise. I've never heard you enthuse about it before; in fact I remember several violently disparaging remarks on the subject of Riverdell. So when you wrote that you were stopping here a while to study mythology I got scared. Understand?"

"Perfectly! What are you jawing about?"

"Lord, you're dense! I'll explain in words of one——"

"Thanks."

"You see, Eth, you're a very captivating beggar; you have a wonderful way with the fair sex. For instance, there was that girl at college——"

"Cut it out," growled Ethan.

"Still touchy? Well, I wasn't taking any chances. Being interested over this way myself I thought I'd better take a run over and look after things. Thought maybe you were making love to my girl; poaching, you know. Couldn't have blamed you, old chap, for she's just about the swellest thing you ever saw."

"So you came up to head me off, eh?" inquired Ethan uninterestedly.

"Exactly. And found to my surprise that you hadn't been near the honey. You don't know what you've missed, Eth. They're

awfully nice folks, the whole push; and they'd have been tickled to death to have you call. Why didn't you?"

"Consideration for your future happiness, Vin," answered the other calmly.

"And you haven't been near the place?"

"I got as far as the gate one day when taking a walk"

"Well, will you tell me what in blazes you've been doing here for the last week?"

"No."

Vincent studied him silently a moment.

"All right, old chap; I don't want to be rudely inquisitive."

"You're not; only don't bother your head about me. I'm off to-day, anyhow."

"Yes, you're coming with me. The mater made me swear by the graves of my ancestors that I'd fetch you back. And I've also promised to bring you to dinner to-night at the Devereuxs'."

"Sorry, Vin."

"You won't?"

"You've guessed it."

"Why not? Look here, I want you to meet Laura!"

Ethan winced.

"That's nice of you, Vin, but really I can't. I've simply got to be in Boston this evening. Tell them, please, that I'm very sorry, will you? And that I hope to have the pleasure some other time. Make it all right, like a good chap."

"Well. But you're coming over to Stillhaven later, aren't you?"

"Maybe; perhaps in a week or two."

"That's rotten! Look here, Eth, can't I get in on this? I don't know what's up, and I won't ask, but if I can help you any way——"

"Of course, old man. If you could I'd say so. But there isn't anything wrong. I'll explain later. It's all right."

"Doubt it. But you know best, I dare say."

They turned by mutual consent and strolled back toward the Inn. Presently Vincent broke the silence again.

"By the way, I haven't told you quite all, Eth; I'm engaged."

"The deuce you are!" Ethan simulated intense surprise.

"Yep!" Vincent grinned triumphantly.

"Who to, you idiot?"

"Why, haven't I told you? To Laura Devereux. They're the folks I've been talking about. They have The Larches. You knew that!"

"Yes, but—when did it happen?"

"About an hour or so ago. I didn't mean to do it to-day, but—hang it, Eth, I just simply had to! She's the best girl in the world,

old chap, and the prettiest too. I want you to see her. When you do you'll understand. I told her about you and she wants me to bring you up to-night."

"I hope you'll be mighty happy, Vin." They shook hands there in the empty road very gravely in spite of their smiling faces. "And congratulate her, too, old man. You're rather a good sort—at times. And of course I'll get you to take me to see her just as soon as I come back. I'll have to get on the good side of her so she'll let me come and see you once in a while when you're married. When's it to be?"

"Don't be an ass!" grunted Vincent. "As for when, well, we haven't settled that yet. Maybe it won't be until Spring; I fancy she would rather wait until then. And I ought to get things fixed up a bit first, too," he added vaguely.

"Oh, it won't take you long to burn a few letters and photographs," answered Ethan flippantly.

"Go to the deuce! Do we eat now?"

After dinner they sat together on the porch until such time as Vincent thought he might venture to return to The Larches, and Ethan listened patiently and with attempted enthusiasm to his friend's mild ravings. Vincent was ludicrously happy.

"It's all so darned funny!" he kept repeating. "A few hours ago I was scared to death for fear she wouldn't have me, and now——"

"And now you're a goner," finished Ethan.

"Laugh if you want to," replied Vincent happily. "I expected you would. I thought you'd cut up worse than you have, old chap. My time will come!"

"When it does, you let me know," scoffed Ethan.

"Look here, I wish you'd give up this Boston business and go along with me to-night, Eth. I—there's a reason."

"Nonsense, you're beyond reason. Besides, I can't give it up, Vin. Sorry; wish I could."

"Oh, go to blazes! You could if you wanted to. Look here, I lay you any odds you like that you've been caught yourself! You've met some girl here and she's gone home and you're tagging after! You ought to have more pride, Eth!"

"I dare say, Mr. Solomon. By the way, I don't want to hurry you, but it's nearly half after two, and——"

"The deuce it is!" Vincent leaped to his feet and Ethan laughed loudly and cruelly. Vincent viewed him in amazement a moment and then joined.

"Talk about tagging!" chuckled Ethan.

"You haven't seen her, you old scoffer," responded his friend.

At a little after three Ethan tossed his luggage into the car, climbed in beside the unruffled Farrell and swung the big blue monster toward Boston. And while it ate up the long miles Ethan, his hands on the wheel, scowled miserably ahead and honestly strove to forget that he had ever stumbled into Arcady.

XI.

A FEW days later Ethan walked into the office of the law firm in Providence, hung his hat on a hook in the closet and blandly inquired for his desk. The members of the firm discussed it later in the privacy of the inner office.

"Looks as though he might be in earnest, anyway," suggested the senior. "Apparently not afraid of work, eh?"

"Something funny about it," replied the junior, who was a bit of a pessimist. "It isn't like a fellow of his sort to give up his summer and buckle down to reading law in July." He shook his head with misgivings. "It won't last, mark my word."

But it did. Business was slack throughout the hot weather and Ethan had plenty of time for reading; and he made the most of it. Several letters came from Vincent reminding him of his promise and urging him to come down to Stillhaven for a while. But always Ethan pleaded press of duties, until Vincent, whose own law shingle had been hanging out for a year and who had yet to find business pressing, felt more convinced than ever that his friend had, to use his own expression, "come a cropper somehow!"

In September Vincent ran down and spent Sunday. Ethan didn't press him to come again, for his conversation was not of a sort calculated to reconcile a disappointed lover to his lot. The Devereuxs were still at Riverdell, but were returning to their Boston apartments the last of the month.

"She hasn't forgiven you for not calling," warned Vincent, "and you'll have to eat dirt when you do see her, old chap."

Ethan expressed entire willingness to grovel, but flatly refused to set a date for the proceedings. Vincent departed somewhat huffed, and for some time there was a perceptible coolness between them. Ethan regretted it, but he wasn't ready yet to trust himself in the rôle of Vincent's friend.

His first vacation since he had gone to work came early in October. Then a letter from a real estate agent who had the renting of his property made a journey to Riverdell advisable. He left Providence, with Farrell, in the car one Friday morning, intending to stay in Riverdell over Saturday, and at two o'clock swung the machine in through the big gate of The Larches. It had been a glorious brisk day, they had made record time and Ethar's spirits had been high.

But now, as they rumbled slowly up the circling driveway, old memories were asserting themselves and buoyancy gave place to depression. The maples were aflame in the afternoon sunlight, the Virginia creeper about the porches was radiantly crimson, and along the gleaming white pergola bunches of purple grapes were still aglow. But for all this The Larches had a lonesome look. The windows on the lower floor were shuttered and told eloquently of desertion.

Ethan's summons at the bell went unanswered for a time. Then footsteps sounded on the marble tiles inside and the big door swung open, revealing a comfortably stout, double-chinned woman who wiped her damp, red hands on her blue calico apron.

"Why, Mr. Ethan!" she exclaimed.

"Yes, it's I, Mrs. Billings," he replied. "Farrell, take the car around to the stable and I'll have William open up for you."

He stepped into the dimly lighted hall, already filled with the chill of approaching winter, and looked about him. Everything was apparently the same in spite of its recent occupancy. The house had been rented furnished, and plainly the Devereuxs had been satisfied to leave things as they had found them. He took off his coat and tossed it on to the big old-fashioned mahogany couch. Mrs. Billings, the housekeeper, was still chattering volubly.

"If we'd known you was coming, sir, we'd have had the blinds open and the fires lighted."

"Never mind," answered Ethan. "Have your husband build a fire in the library and in my room. I shan't be here beyond Sunday morning. You can give me my meals in the library. I had a letter from Stearns a day or so ago telling me that the Devereuxs had left and asking whether I wanted to rent for the winter. I don't believe I do. I don't think I shall rent again at all. Well, how have you been, you and that good-for-nothing husband of yours?"

"Nicely, sir, for myself, thank you. And Jonas, he isn't one of the complaining sort, sir, but he do have the rheumatism something awful in wet weather. And how has your health been, Mr. Ethan?"

"I've been frightfully healthy, thank you. Where's your husband?"

"I'll call him, sir, at once. He's out somewhere on the grounds, sir. And I'll have a fire lit in no time, sir. He'll be very pleased to see you, sir, will Jonas." She stopped at the end of the hall and sank her voice to a hoarse whisper. "I fear he's getting old and failing, Mr. Ethan," she went on despondently. "It—it's his head sir."

"Eh?"

"Yes, sir. Along in June it was, Mr. Ethan, or maybe early in the month following, sir, that he came in quite excited like and

wild, saying as he had seen you with his own eyes over toward the grove there. Yes, sir. 'Jonas,' says I, 'it's the sun.' 'No, 'taint,' says he. 'I saw him with my own eyes,' says he, 'a-standing under the trees. And when I looked again he was gone,' he says. It gave me quite a shock, sir, as you might say."

"Naturally. And since then you have observed no other symptoms?"

"No, sir, not particular, but he do seem a heap fonder of his victuals than he used to, and I've heard tell as that's a sure sign of a failing intellect, Mr. Ethan."

"In the case of your victuals, Mrs. Billings," replied Ethan, "I'd say it was an indication of wisdom."

The housekeeper bridled and beamed.

"But, really," continued Ethan, smiling, "I wouldn't worry about Billings. The fact is, I was down here for a day or so about the time you speak of."

"Here, sir? And you never came to see us, sir?"

"There—er—there were reasons, Mrs. Billings. And now how about that fire? And send your husband out to unlock the carriage house, please."

"Yes, sir, directly, sir. And Jonas really saw you, Mr. Ethan, same as he said he did?"

"I think it more than likely, Mrs. Billings."

"Well, that's a great load off my mind, sir. Softening of the brain do be so unfortunate!"

Later, just at dusk, Ethan emerged from the library on to the broad cement-paved porch at the side of the house. Pausing to light a cigarette, he passed down the stone steps to the pergola and traversed its length. Fallen leaves rustled softly under his feet and the purple clusters showed the effects of the frost. Once out of the arbor, his steps led him almost unconsciously across the open lawn, russet now and streaked with the long sombre shadows of the trees. He found himself swayed by two desires; one to see the lotus pool again, the other to avoid it. He went on through the twilight grove, filled with a gentle—I had almost said pleasant—sadness. Underfoot the ground was carpeted with the red leaves of the maples. Here and there a white birch stood like a pale gold flame in the dying sunlight. The dark green larches alone held themselves unchanged.

The pool was sadly different. Yellowing lily-pads floated upon the surface, but no blossoms caught the slanting rays of the sun. Ethan sat down under the maple, took his knees into his arms and puffed blue smoke-wreaths into the amber light. Presently a shadow presence came and sat beside him. The presence had violet eyes and

red, red lips that smiled wistfully. He didn't turn his head, for he knew that if he did he would find himself again alone. And presently they talked.

"You were very cruel," he said sadly.

"I didn't mean to be," she answered.

"No, I don't think you did. You—you just didn't think, I suppose. It was all a bit of good fun with you. But—it played the deuce with me."

"Did it?" she asked regretfully.

"But I'm not blaming you—now," he went on. "I did at first. It seemed needlessly cruel and heartless. But I understand now that it was all my fault. You see, dear, I took it for granted, I think, that you—cared—the way I did. It was my silly conceit."

He thought he heard a little sob beside him, but he resisted the temptation to turn and look.

"If only there hadn't been that kiss," he continued dreamily. "That—I've never quite understood that. Sometimes—I dare say it's my conceit again—but sometimes I can't help thinking that you did care—a little—just then! That is the hardest to forgive, dear,—and forget, that kiss. If it wasn't for the memory of that I think I could stand it better. Why did you do it? *Why?*"

There was no answer save the sighing of a little breeze which crept down the slope in a floating shower of dead leaves.

"Ah, but I want to know!" he insisted doggedly. "Was it just in fun? Was it merely in pity? It couldn't have been, I tell you! You never kissed me like that for pity, dear! There was love in your eyes, sweetheart; I saw it; fathoms deep in that purple twilight! Love, do you hear? You can't deny it; you can't! And you trembled in my arms! Why did you do it?" he asked sharply.

He turned impetuously,—and sighed. He was all alone. The presence had fled.

He tossed aside the dead cigarette in his hand and shivered. The breeze was growing as the day passed, a chill October breeze laden with the heavy, melancholy aroma of dying leaves. He arose and retraced his steps to the house.

XII.

ETHAN drank the last drop of excellent black coffee in the tiny cup and swung his chair about so that he faced the cheerfully crackling logs in the library fire-place. He had enjoyed his dinner, and he began to feel delightfully restful and drowsy. The day spent in the open air, with the wind rushing past him, the hearty repast and now the dancing flames were all having their natural effect. He reached lazily for his cigarette case, his gaze travelling idly over the

high mantel above him. Then his hand had dropped from his pocket and he was on his feet, peering intently at a small photograph tucked half out of sight behind one of the old Liverpool pitchers which flanked the clock. A moment after he had it in his hands and was bending over it in the glare of the light from the chandelier.

It was evidently an amateur production, but it was good for all that. And Ethan was troubling his head not at all as to its origin or its merits or defects. It was sufficient for him that it showed a small, graceful figure in white against a background of foliage, and that the eyes which looked straight into his from under the waving hair with its golden fillet were Hers. It was Clytie. One hand rested softly on a flower-clustered spray of azalea, one bare sandaled foot gleamed forth from under the straight white folds of the peplum and the lips were parted in a little startled smile. Ethan devoured it eagerly while his heart glowed and ached at once. He remembered telling her that he would like to see those pictures, and remembered her laughing response: "I'm afraid you never will!" And now he was looking at one of them after all! And he was still looking when the gardener entered with the replenished wood-basket.

"Where did this come from, Billings?" Ethan asked carelessly.

Billings set down his burden and crossed to the table. He was a small man, well toward sixty, with his weather-beaten face shrivelled into innumerable tiny, kindly wrinkles. In spite of his years, however, he showed no signs of the mental degeneration which his wife had feared. He came and looked near-sightedly at the card which Ethan held out.

"Why, sir, Lizzie came across that in one of the upstairs rooms when she was cleaning up after the folks went away and she put it on the mantel here, thinking maybe it was valuable and they'd send back for it."

"I see." Ethan laid it on the table, his eyes still upon it. "I don't think they'll want it. Doubtless Miss Devereux has plenty more."

"Yes, sir; they took a good many, sir, between them."

"They? Oh, she had a friend with her?"

"Yes, sir. Miss Hoyt. I remember when they was taking those, sir. It was early in the summer, soon after they came. The young ladies they dressed themselves up in those queer things—sort o' like sheets, they was, sir—" the gardener's voice became faintly apologetic, as though he had not quite approved of such doings—"and went out on the lawn one forenoon. They got me to cut away a bit of the branches, sir, right here." Billings indicated the upper left-hand corner of the picture. "She said she had to have more light. It wasn't much, sir; just a few old twigs; no harm done, sir."

"Of course not. It was—Miss Devereux asked you?"

"Yes, sir; Miss Laura they called her. A very pleasant young lady, sir."

"Very pleasant, Billings," assented Ethan with a sigh.

"You know her, then, sir?"

"I—hardly that; I've met her."

"Yes, sir." Billings turned toward the fire. "Shall I drop another log on, sir?"

"No, I shall be going to bed very shortly."

"Very well, sir." Billings mended the fire, replaced the tongs and stood carefully erect again, chuckling reminiscently. Then finding Ethan's eyes on him questioningly he said: "She took me, sir, too, with her camery."

"Really? I should like to see the picture."

"Thank you, sir. It's in the kitchen. Shall I fetch it? Lizzie says it's a very speakin' likeness, sir, excepting that I was sort o' took by surprise, so to say, and had no time to spruce up."

"Yes, bring it in by all means."

The gardener hurried away and Ethan turned again to the picture. When Billings returned Ethan said carelessly:

"By the way, if your wife asks about this you can tell her I have—er—taken charge of it. Ah, this is the picture, eh? Why, I'd call that excellent, Billings, excellent! Truly, a very speaking likeness. You say Miss Devereux took this?"

"Yes, sir, the same day they was taking the others, sir. I had lopped off the branches and was standin' by watching, sir, and after she had taken that one there, sir, she said to me: 'Billings, would you mind if I took'——"

"Not after she'd taken this, Billings," interrupted Ethan, in the interests of accuracy. "She didn't take this one, of course."

"I beg pardon, Mr. Ethan?"

"Never mind. I only said you didn't mean that it was after she had taken this one; it was another one you meant."

"Oh, no, sir, it was that very one, sir. I had just lopped off the branches——"

"You don't mean that she took her own picture, surely?" asked Ethan with a smile.

"No, sir."

"Exactly."

"It was that one you have there, sir, she took."

"This one? Now, look here, Billings, let's get this straightened out while we're at it. Do you mean that Miss Devereux—mind, I'm talking of *Miss Devereux*—do you mean that Miss Devereux took this photograph I have in my hands?"

"Yes, sir, that's the one. I had just lopped——"

"Never mind the lopping," interrupted Ethan with smiling impatience. "But tell me how she did it."

"Why, sir, she stood her camery up a little ways off, sir; it had three little legs onto it, sir; and she pressed a little rubber ball, and the camery went 'click,' sir, like that, sir,—'click!' and——"

"Yes, yes, but—now look here, how far off was the camera from—from this place, where you had lopped the branches?"

"About twenty feet, sir, maybe."

"Well, will you kindly tell me how Miss Devereux managed to squeeze the little rubber ball and get into the picture at the same time?"

"Sir?"

"What I mean is," answered Ethan patiently, "how could she have been here—" tapping the photograph he held—"and at the camera the same instant?"

That was evidently a poser. Billings scratched the back of his head dubiously. Finally,

"But she wasn't there, sir!" he explained.

"Wasn't where? At the camera?"

"Yes, sir; I mean no, sir. She wasn't there!" He pointed at the picture.

"Wasn't here!" exclaimed Ethan. "Then how—hang it, man, but here's her picture!"

"Beg pardon, Mr. Ethan?" Billings looked both pained and puzzled, and shot a quick look of inquiry at the dinner table.

"I say here's her picture, you idiot!" repeated Ethan.

"Whose picture, sir?"

"Why, Miss Devereux's!"

"No, sir."

"What do you mean by 'no, sir?' I say——"

A light broke upon Mr. Billings.

"I beg your pardon, Mr. Ethan," he explained hurriedly. "I see your mistake, sir, but you said as how you'd met the young lady, and I thought you understood as how that wasn't her, sir."

"What? Who?"

"Wasn't Miss Devereux, sir?"

"Do you mean that this isn't Miss Devereux here in this picture?" cried Ethan.

"Yes, sir; that is, no, sir. That isn't her, Mr. Ethan."

"Isn't—! Then who is it?"

"Miss Hoyt, sir. I thought you under——"

Ethan took Billings by the arms and forced him into a chair.

"You sit there and answer my questions, Billings," he commanded

excitedly. He held the photograph before the gardener's alarmed face.

"Who is this in the picture?"

"Miss Hoyt, sir, as I was telling you——"

"Nonsense! You're mistaken, man! Look close; take it in your hands! Don't answer until you've looked at it well. Where are your spectacles?"

"I don't wear any, sir," was the dignified reply. "My eyes, Mr. Ethan, are just as clear as ever they were, sir. Why, I can see——"

"Yes, yes, I beg your pardon, Billings, but I have most particular reasons for wanting to be certain about this! Now—take a good look at it!—now who is she?"

"Miss Hoyt, sir, and if you was to put me in jail the next minute, sir, I wouldn't say different! No, sir, not if my life was depending on it, sir!"

"And it's not Miss Devereux?"

"No, sir, nor never was! Why, Mr. Ethan, Miss Devereux, as you must recall, sir, is quite tall and slim, like—like a young birch, sir,—with very dark hair. And Miss Hoyt, sir, as you can see——"

Ethan planted himself with his back to the fire and lighted a cigarette with trembling fingers.

"Billings," he said softly, "I've been a damned fool!"

"Yes—that is, I can't believe it, sir," was the respectful answer. But Billings' expression said otherwise.

"Now I want you to tell me all you know about this Miss Hoyt," said Ethan. "By the way, what was her first name?"

"Cicely, sir; Miss Cicely Hoyt."

"Cicely," repeated Ethan softly. "It just suits her!"

"Beg pardon, sir?"

"Oh, never mind. Where does she live?"

Billings thought in silence a moment. Then,

"Ellington, sir," he answered triumphantly, evidently pleased at his powers of memory.

"Where the deuce is that, though?"

"About the centre of the state, sir, I think."

"This state, do you mean? Massachusetts?"

"Yes, sir, Massachusetts."

"And she was a friend of Miss Devereux's?"

"Yes, sir. I gathered as how they went to school together. And Miss Hoyt's father, sir, died a while back and left her and her mother very poorly off, sir. And the young lady is employed in a library at Ellington, as I understand it, sir, and her mother is there, too, sir."

"In the library?"

"No, sir, in Ellington. They used to live in Ohio, I believe."

Ethan was silent a moment, smoking furiously. Then,

"Tell Farrell to come in here at once, Billings. And I'm much obliged for what you've told me. Oh, wait, Billings! Throw another log on the fire first. I don't want it to go out; you and I have got lots to talk about to-night!"

Farrell came speedily.

"Do you know where Ellington, Massachusetts, is?" asked Ethan.

"Yes, sir."

"How long a run is it?"

Farrell produced a road map from his coat pocket and bent over it under the light.

"Well, Mr. Parmley, I don't know how the roads are now, sir, but supposing they're in fair condition we'd ought to do it in about two and half hours."

"Then if we left here at seven in the morning we'd get to Ellington by noon?"

"Couldn't help it, sir, barring accidents."

"There mustn't be any accidents," answered Ethan, a bit unreasonably.

"I'll do my best, sir."

"Be ready to leave, then, promptly at seven!"

"Very well, sir."

Farrell went out and as the door closed softly behind him Ethan, the photograph in his hands, threw himself into the chair before the fire and beamed blissfully at the flames.

XIII.

THE library was filled with the pallid twilight of a rainy day. Since early morning the summit of Mount Tom, a dozen miles to the westward, had been enveloped in ponderous, leaden clouds, and for two hours past the storm, travelling along the Connecticut Valley, had been deluging the slopes with autumnal ferocity. Through the rain-drenched windows a cold white light entered, flooding the stack room with its iron tiers of slumbering volumes, and, here at the barrier-like counter, illumining faintly the rebellious brown hair of the girl who, with pen in hand, bent over the pile of catalogue cards. The library was very still, so still that the sibilation of the moving pen sounded portentously loud. Now and then the rustle of a turning leaf or the scraping of feet on the floor came from around the corner of the arched doorway where sat a solitary occupant of the reading room. Save for these two the library was deserted. The hands of the clock above the commemorative tablet

pointed to a quarter past twelve and the stack-boy and the assistant librarian had both gone to their luncheons.

A more prolonged scraping of feet, followed by the sound of a moving chair, caused the girl at the desk to raise her head and pause at her work. A little frown of annoyance gathered and then gave place to a smile of humorous resignation as footfalls sounded on the echoing silence. From the reading room emerged a tall, thin youth of about twenty, a youth with a pale, cadaverous face lighted by a pair of patient, contemplative brown eyes which looked strangely incongruous and out of place. He carried two books which he laid apologetically on the counter.

"Excuse me, Miss Hoyt," he said gently.

"Yes, Mr. Winkley?" she asked, looking up.

"I am very sorry to trouble you, but could you let me have Burton's Anatomy of Melancholy?"

"Have—What did you say, please?" she asked startledly.

"Burton's Anatomy of Melancholy, please," he repeated in his patient voice. She turned hurriedly and disappeared into the stack room. Once out of sight she leaned against one of the cases and laughed silently and hysterically.

"Oh," she thought, "if he doesn't stop it and go away I shall have to—to—I shall go crazy!"

Presently, with a final gasp, she brushed the back of her hand across her eyes and went on down the concrete aisle in search of the volume. Out at the counter, the youth, left to himself, watched her while she was in sight and then leaned across to peer at the neatly arranged cards. She had left her handkerchief beside her work. With a timorous glance about him, he reached forward, picked it up and with a quick, vehement movement pressed it to his thin, unsmiling lips. He held it so a moment, his brown eyes staring widely through the rain-bleared window as though beholding visions. Then, as her steps came back toward him, he laid the handkerchief again in its place, straightened himself and waited.

"Here it is, Mr. Winkley," she said soberly.

"Thank you. I am sorry to trouble you," he answered gravely.

"It is only what I am here for," she answered coldly, taking up her pen once more. He remained for an instant looking at the bent head. Then, lifting the Anatomy of Melancholy from the counter, he turned and walked slowly and quite noiselessly back to his table. But as he went the ghost of a sigh trembled across the silence.

The girl raised her head with a despairing glance toward the reading room, jabbed her pen viciously into the ink-stand and went on with her writing. The clock overhead ticked slowly and softly. The rain *swished* past the windows.

But presently a new sound made itself heard. Dim at first, it grew insistently until the girl heard it and again lifted her head and listened with a new light in her violet eyes.

Chug-chug, chug-chug-chug, chug-chug!

Automobiles are not common in Ellington, especially after the summer colony departs, and the approach of this one brought a tinge of color to the soft cheeks and a flutter to the heart of the librarian. So often during the past three months she had listened with straining ears to the panting of an automobile on the road below! Usually the sound had died away again in the distance, and she had told herself, sighing, that she was very glad. But to-day the sounds increased every instant. The *chug-chug* was slower now and more labored; the car had left the village road and was climbing the circling gravelled drive to the library. Every beat brought an answering beat from her heart.

Oh, it was foolish! she told herself angrily. And she didn't want it to happen! She hoped it wouldn't! Resolutely she began her work again, but the noise of the approaching machine seemed to fill the world with a tumult of sound. Then, close at hand, the measured *chugs* suddenly became hurried and incoherent, as though the intruding monster was violently incensed at being stopped. Then—silence, appalling, portentous! With white face the girl bent closer to her desk, her pen tracing quivering figures and letters. The outer door opened and closed again with a muffled jar. She heard the *swish . . . swish* of the inner doors as they swung inward and back. Firm footfalls sounded on the oaken floor. Very different they were from the soft tread of the library habitué, and there was a determined, resolute character to them that put the brown-haired librarian in a panic. Oh, how she wished that she had fled while there had been time! She no longer doubted; the unexpected, which all along had been the expected, had happened; the thing which she had feared, and always hoped for, had come to pass. The steps came nearer, straight from the doorway, scorning the longer and quieter paths provided by the cocoa-fibre matting. The brown head still bent over the desk. Then the footsteps stopped. A terrible silence fell over the room. There was no help for it.

Slowly, reluctantly the girl raised her head.

XIV.

HAD they lived in the Age of Stone that meeting might have proved far more interesting for purposes of description. As it was, both being fairly conventional characters of the Twentieth Century, the affair was disappointingly commonplace.

"How do you do, Miss Hoyt?" he asked, smiling calmly and reaching a hand across the counter. And,—

"Why, Mr. Parmley!" she replied, laying her own hand for an instant in his

A close observer, and both you and I, patient reader, pride ourselves upon being such, would have noticed, perhaps, that in spite of the commonplace words and the unembarrassed manners, the man's cheeks held an unaccustomed tinge of color and the girl's face was more than ordinarily pale. And could we have enjoyed a physician's privilege of examining the heart-action at that moment we would have straightened ourselves up with very knowing smiles.

"I've come," he said, as the soft hand drew itself away from his, "to return a book. Is this the right place?"

"Yes," she replied brightly.

"Thank you. I don't know very much about libraries; I always avoid them as much as possible as being rather too exciting." He took a small book from the pocket of his coat and laid it on the counter. "I'm afraid there's a good deal to pay on it. It's been out quite a while."

A tinge of color came into her cheeks as she took the volume. It was a copy of "Love Sonnets from the Portuguese."

"Oh, I'll let you off," she answered gayly. "We sometimes remit the fines when the excuse is good."

"Thank you. My excuse is excellent. I only yesterday discovered the identity of the loaner."

"Only yesterday?" she asked carelessly, but with quickening heart.

"To be exact, at about eight o'clock last evening." He dropped his voice and leaned a little further across the barrier. "You see, Miss Hoyt, you fooled me very nicely."

"Excuse me, Mr. Parmley, you fooled yourself. I told you—at least, I never said I was Laura Devereux."

"No, you didn't, but—I wonder why I was so certain you were! If I hadn't been——"

"I beg your pardon, Miss Hoyt, but will you please let me have Swinburne's Poems?"

It was the solitary reader. The girl disappeared into the stack room, leaving the two men to a furtive and, on one part at least, amused examination of each other. The pale youth, however, showed no amusement; rather his look expressed suspicion and resentment. Ethan, unable longer to encounter that baleful glare without smiling, turned his head. Then the librarian came with the desired book.

"Thank you, Miss Hoyt," said the reader. With a final glance

of dawning enmity at Ethan he returned to his solitude. Ethan looked inquiringly at Cicely.

"He's perfectly awful!" she replied despairingly. "He stays here hours and hours at a time. I don't believe he ever eats anything. And he calls for books incessantly, from Plutarch's Lives to—to Swinburne! I think he is trying to read right through the catalogue. And a while ago he came for—what do you think?—The Anatomy of Melancholy!"

Ethan smiled gently.

"I wouldn't be too hard on him," he said. "The poor devil is head-over-heels in love with you."

The phrase brought recollections—and a blush.

"Nonsense! He's just a boy!" she answered.

"Boys sometimes feel pretty deeply—for the while," he replied. "And, judging from his present line of reading, I'd say that the while hasn't passed yet."

"It's so silly and tiresome!" she said. "He gets terribly on my nerves. He—he sighs—in the most heartbreaking way!" She laughed a little nervously. Then a moment of silence followed.

"Clytie," he began,—“I am going to call you that to-day, for I haven't got used to thinking of you as Cicely yet—do you know why I came?"

"To return the book," she answered smilingly.

"No, not altogether. I came to ask you something."

"I ought to feel flattered, oughtn't I? It's quite a ways here from Providence, isn't it?"

"Supposing we don't pretend," he answered gravely. "We've gone too far to make that possible, don't you think? And I've had a beast of a summer," he added inconsequently. "I thought—do you know what I thought, dear?"

"How should I?" she asked weakly.

"I thought you were Laura Devereux, and that day when you didn't come I went for you and saw you and Vincent on the porch. And afterwards he told me he was engaged to Miss Devereux, and—don't you see what it meant to me? And yesterday I found out, quite by accident, and—" he reached across and seized her hand with a little laugh of sheer happiness—"I haven't slept a wink since! I—I thought I'd never get here; the roads were quagmires!"

"Oh, why did you come?" she asked miserably.

"Why? Good Heaven, don't you know, girl?" He leaned across and she felt his lips on the hand still clasped in his.

"Yes, yes, I know," she cried. "But—you mustn't love me! You won't when I've told you!"

"Try me!" he said softly.

"I'm going to. But—I can't if you have my hand."

"If I let it go may I have it again?" he asked playfully.

"You won't want it," was the grim answer. "When you know what I am really, you—won't want—ever to see me—again."

"That's nonsense," he answered stoutly. But a qualm of uneasiness oppressed him.

She moved away from the counter until she was out of reach of his impatient hands.

"I meant you to fall in love with me," she said evenly, looking at him with wide eyes and white face. "I meant you to propose to me. I wanted to—to marry you."

He reached impetuously toward her with a smothered word of endearment, but she held up a hand.

"Wait! You don't understand! I—I didn't care for you. I was tired of being poor and—and of this!" She swept her glance about the bare and silent library. "We used to have money," she went on, speaking rapidly. "We lived in Ohio then, when father was alive. Then I came east to college. I met Laura there. We were friends almost at once, although she was in the class ahead of me. I never finished, for my father died and left us almost without a cent. I left college and Laura's father secured me work here. I studied hard and last year they made me librarian. Then mother came east to live here with me. Laura was always kind. When my vacation came I went to visit her there at The Larches. Then you—I met you."

She paused and dropped her gaze.

"Yes," he said softly. "And then?"

"You said you had some property and you—you seemed nice and kind. I was so weary of it all. I wanted—oh, you know! I wanted to have money, enough to live decently somewhere else than here in this tomb they call a town. I didn't care. I set out to make you—like me. I went back there to the pool each day for just that, until——"

"Well? Until?" he urged, smiling across at her.

"That is all," she answered.

"And it was all absolutely mercenary? You never cared for me?"

"I've told you," she answered.

"And—that last day, dear? It was the same? You didn't care then either?"

"Oh, what does it matter what happened afterwards?" she cried agitatedly. "It was what I had done, don't you see? It was the meanness, the—the shamefulfulness of it!"

"Well, but this 'afterward'? What of that?"

"Nothing," she answered firmly.

Silence fell for a moment. They looked across at each other steadily, she meeting his smile defiantly. Then the color crept up from throat to cheeks and her eyes dropped.

"Dear," he said gently, "I don't care what happened before that 'afterward.' I loved you from the first moment, but I'm not going to resent it if it took you longer to discover my irresistible charms. Why, hang it all, I'm proud you should have thought me worth marrying even for my money! But 'afterward,' dear? When I kissed you? You can't make me believe there was no love then, Cicely. And it is still 'afterward,' and it always will be! Dear, Arcadia is waiting for you. The lotus pool is lonely without you. And so am I, Cicely, Cicely dear!"

"Oh, I knew you would try to forgive me," she cried miserably. "That is why I—didn't want you to come. Because after awhile you would remember and——"

"Cicely!"

"And you'd hate me!"

"Cicely! Look at me, dear! I want you to——"

Soft footfalls reached them. The pale youth was approaching, his arms laden with books. Ethan bit his lip and fell silent.

"I beg your pardon, Miss Hoyt, but would you mind giving me——"

Ethan stepped toward him.

"Here," he said hurriedly, "here's just what you're after. It's no trouble at all." He forced the "Love Sonnets from the Portuguese" into the youth's hands and turned him gently but firmly away from the counter. The youth looked from the book to Ethan.

"How—how did you know?" he stammered resentfully.

"Never mind how, my boy. You've got it. Run along."

After a moment of indecision, of many silent looks of inquiry and dark suspicion, the youth trod softly away again. Ethan looked at Cicely and they smiled together. Then she sank into her chair at the desk and laughed helplessly, and cried a little, too. And Ethan said no word until she had pressed the handkerchief to her eyes and turned toward him again. Then,

"Will you come back to your lotus pool, O Clytie?" he asked softly.

"Wouldn't it be rather cold and damp this weather?" she asked with a little trembling laugh.

"I am going to have it steam-heated," he answered gravely. "I was there yesterday, Clytie, and it looked very forlorn without you, dear."

"You were there?" she asked wonderingly.

"Yes. I forgot to tell you, didn't I? The Larches is mine, dear, and the lotus pool shall be yours for life, if you'll let me come sometimes and sit beside you under the trees on the bank. Will you?"

She dropped her eyes.

"Will you?" he repeated.

She moved nearer, with lowered head, and laid her hand palms up on the oaken counter. He took them and drew her toward him. She raised a rosy face toward him, the violet eyes darting fearfully toward the reading room. Ethan paused and looked thoughtful.

"In nice libraries," he said, "they have what they call the open stacks. Is it so here?"

She shook her head.

"But—there might be exceptions?"

"There might," she answered softly.

"And do you think the librarian would permit me to be an exception?"

She nodded, blushing and provoking.

He turned, walked to the end of the counter and pushed aside the swinging gate. At the door of the stack room he paused.

"I would like," he said, "to find that book of mythology wherein are related the loves of Clytie and Vertumnus. Could you show me where to find it?"

She darted a glance toward the entrance to the reading room. Then she followed him.

"I believe," she murmured, as her hand stole into his, "I believe it is in the farthest corner."

Their footfalls died away down the concrete aisle. From the reading room came the sound of a softly turned leaf. Then the library was very silent.



THE REASON

BY FRANK LEO PINET

THERE'S a blackbird in the marsh,
Merrily singeth he;
Ah, me! Ah, me!—it seemeth harsh,
The blackbird's song, to me.

O trim gay bugler of the marsh
With epaulets of red,
Thy little song, it seemeth harsh—
For my poor heart is dead!

THE CHAUTAUQUA MOVEMENT

By Paul M. Pearson

Editor of "Talent"

"It has been the struggle of the world to get more leisure, but it was left for Chautauqua to show how to use it."—*James A. Garfield.*

"I know of nothing in the whole country which is so filled with blessing for the nation."—*Theodore Roosevelt.*

THE Chautauqua idea first took definite form in 1874 when Bishop John H. Vincent announced a summer gathering of Sunday School workers to meet at Lake Chautauqua, N. Y., for two weeks of study and of recreation. The first meeting was notable. Bishop Vincent's winning personality, wise plans, and splendid enthusiasm, together with the originality and high promise of the idea, brought a large attendance of eminent church workers. True to the advance announcement, recreation was as much a part of the daily program as were the classes of instruction, nor did the devotional part of the meetings lack fervor.

The success of the first gathering was a happy augury as to future sessions—each succeeding year has recorded substantial gains over the preceding. The original meeting place has now become a summer city with a population of so many as 25,000, and the Chautauqua curriculum is that of a unique university, wherein all the people pursue some form of activity which combines education with recreation, and both under religious influence.

It was at the meeting in 1878 that Bishop Vincent made a definite advance in the plan, when he organized the four years' home study course. That this feature of the movement became immediately popular is evidenced by the 8,400 readers who were enrolled the first year; its permanency may be estimated from the total of three-quarters of a million readers who have been members. This number does not take into account the thousands of students who

have had instruction in the classes, nor the millions of people in more or less regular attendance upon the instructive popular lectures and readings.

No sooner had the annual meetings at this original Chautauqua become established than similar gatherings were called in many parts of the country, so that in less than ten years, more than a score of such organizations existed, each named for the place where the first meeting was held. So now we have the Western Chautauqua, the Florida Chautauqua, the Northern Chautauqua,—perhaps four hundred of them, all endeavoring to carry out the system established by Bishop Vincent.

Even without considering the large number of germane assemblies, all directly traceable to the original idea, it is difficult to say at any time precisely how many Chautauquas there are. New ones are being organized almost weekly—the Central West easily leading. Iowa has a larger number than any other state,—nearly sixty; while Illinois has more than forty, Ohio twenty-five, Indiana twenty, Kansas a dozen, Missouri a few more than that, Wisconsin a few less—and so on through a list of thirty-two states which have one or more summer Assemblies. At few of these are there less than 4,000 people in attendance at some one time during the session, while the total attendance at many of them is counted by tens of thousands. No exact aggregate for the country can be given, but at least one million different people attend the Chautauquas in a single season.



Except in the eager spirit of acquisition with which the people gather at these Assemblies everywhere, the organizations possess considerable individuality, with certain fundamental likenesses, of course. At most of them the session is short, varying from eight days to three weeks. While the program provided in some instances covers little more than the public lectures, at nearly every assembly some attempt at instruction is made, even though it be limited to the Bible hour in the early forenoon, and to the Round Table at four o'clock—an open parliament lead by some man of wide reading and scholarly attainments who is engaged to direct the discussion. Some Assemblies, upon the other hand, present every subject taught in the largest universities.

A few, like Chautauqua Institution—as the mother Chautauqua is now officially called—and the Winona Assembly in Indiana, are the greatest summer gathering places for the teachers of the country. During the vacation months these ambitious spirits find here expert instructors in every subject they wish to study, unusual oppor-

tunities to hear lectures by celebrated men, and excellent advantages for recreation.

Some idea of the diversity of interests in these summer gatherings may be realized from an enumeration of the many activities developed at Chautauqua Institution. Here you will find a kindergarten, a gymnasium, a boys' club, a girls' club, rowing teams, base-ball teams, camera clubs, swimming classes, missionary organizations, church homes of every evangelical denomination, three lecture periods each day filled by eminent men of every walk in life, and classes in nearly every branch of learning and mechanical skill, from Sanskrit to basket weaving. The session lasts ten weeks, and during that time tens of thousands are lifted to wider outlooks, and given wise direction in their efforts toward personal development.

When one comprehends what all this means, and measures this immeasurable influence which extends to the remotest corners of our country, he is not surprised to read the strong words of Presidents Garfield and Roosevelt, which head this paper.

The Chautauqua Assembly is an up-to-date foster brother of an older institution—the American camp meeting. Sam Jones says, "We haven't enough religion to run a camp meeting, and the county fair has played out, so we organize Chautauquas." There is some truth in the charge. Certainly, conditions have changed. Chautauquas are more numerous than were the camp meetings of old, and are more largely attended than even the county fairs so popular a few years ago. Many of the old camp meeting grounds have been given over to the Chautauqua idea, and though their former adherents find nothing of the old-time shouting religious fervor in which they were wont to have a kind of "emotional spree", they do find a definite religious atmosphere, an active Christian uplift, and super-added helpful educational advantages.



The speakers engaged always include a few preachers, though most of the "talent" are those who can make popular the subjects taught in schools and colleges. Lectures on literature, history, art, sociology, economics, science, and the Bible, are found on nearly every summer program, while special pleaders for great moral and political reforms are always in demand. However, not every speaker who essays such themes can meet the requirements of Chautauqua audiences. Only he who has the ability to sway great gatherings can hope to hold the people throughout his lecture. Chautauqua audiences average about two thousand people, and being seated in

large tabernacles without sides, they take advantage of the easy egress, unless the discussion is presented in a vital way. No academic presentation will answer, however great the theme—it must be put within the comprehension of the masses and must be direct, sincere, and individual.

No one can correctly estimate the educational movement in America to-day without recognizing the influence of this Chautauqua idea. It is a definite and positive factor in adult education. Appreciating this fact, Hugo Munsterberg in "The Americans" gives several pages of his chapter on educational institutions to a presentation of the Chautauqua movement. Chautauqua has a leading magazine, many smaller journals, several daily papers issued during the season, and many books published annually to supply a specified course of reading which is systematically followed by multitudes throughout the country. At each of the principal Chautauquas there is an annual Recognition Day,—a beautiful graduating exercise for those who have completed the four years' course of reading.



The solidity of the movement is further indicated by the vast sums invested in grounds, buildings and equipment. Though many of the new assemblies erect merely large tents on rented grounds, all of the older organizations have acquired valuable properties—including huge auditoriums, hotels and other structures necessary to maintaining "the Hall in the Grove." The popular mode of life during the Assembly sessions is to camp in tents upon the grounds, but each year sees an increasing number of cottages—some of them expensive and imposing—added to the permanent equipment of these woodland universities.

But the physical aspect of Chautauqua is by no means its most important manifestation—its very spirit is pervading the country. This is especially true of the Middle West, where the movement has a hold on the popular mind that is difficult to overestimate. At Rockport, Mo., for instance, a country town with a population of 1,070 people, there is a flourishing Chautauqua. Here one thousand season tickets were sold last year, and on two special days of the session there was an attendance of about 3,000 people. As the season tickets sold for \$2.00 and the cost of the program was nearly \$4,000, it will be readily seen that many single admission tickets must have been sold to meet expenses. On the day that William Jennings Bryan lectured there, not less than a thousand farmers' carriages overflowed the livery barns, vacant lots and Chautauqua grounds. The surrounding country had evidently turned out to

a man to hear "The Value of an Ideal," the lecture which Mr. Bryan featured last summer.



Huron, South Dakota, will serve as a type of the Assemblies in the far western states. Though there were no natural advantages to draw the people, they nevertheless came in great numbers, pitched their tents on the hot, treeless plains at the edge of the city, and for eight days devoted themselves to the delights of Chautauqua. Many entire families were in attendance, and a few ranchmen even brought along milch cows,—either because the cows would not be provided for at home, or because they seemed indispensable to camp life. Everybody attended, and everybody enjoyed the Assembly. Citizens from neighboring towns went home to organize Chautauquas for themselves, so that four more were reported in South Dakota the following year.

The thought of the day is surely reflected in the Chautauqua movement—because it is essentially a *popular* idea. Not long ago the favorite popular speakers were men like Champ Clark, Senator Doliver, and Congressman Landis, who discussed such subjects as, "A Poor Boy's Country," "Ultimate America," and themes which presented a kind of patriotism then loudly applauded. "A Rich Man's Country," and "An Aroused Public," are titles which might have been given to the popular subjects presented last year at Chautauqua Assemblies. The speakers most sought for were Senator LaFollette, Thomas W. Lawson, Governor Folk, Governor Hanley, and William Jennings Bryan. The eagerness with which people listened to the themes these men discussed clearly showed the changed conditions of popular thought, and certainly forecasted the vote of last November.



The summer Assembly has become the great American forum, where the man who has a message for people who think, can quickest reach his audience. Those who are at a loss to understand the strength of Mr. Bryan fail to estimate the effect of his constant appeal to the thousands who hear him every summer at the Chautauquas. Addressing each day for ten weeks, audiences of from three to ten thousand people, he has had a hearing equalled by no other popular leader in America.

From all this it must not be understood that the methods of the stump speaker prevail at the Chautauqua. An occasional political debate is arranged, but the politician who gains a place for himself as a Chautauqua speaker must discuss his theme in a constructive, statesmanlike manner. Partisanship is not countenanced. Not since the Civil War has there been so great a demand for the

real orator. The spoken word is as effective as ever it was, and, a general misconception to the contrary notwithstanding, oratory to-day is as much a factor as ever in our history. There are a score of men who, through the Chautauquas and through the lyceum, are wielding an influence like that of orators whose names we honor in our history.

Let no one, then, underestimate the power—the beneficent power—of the Chautauqua movement. To its summer cities countless thousands come for inspiration and recreation, and the influence of their sojourn lasts throughout the year. In multitudes of homes the required books are read and discussed during the long winter evenings. Favorite lecturers, readers, and teachers are recalled to mind, and are as frequently quoted during the family talks upon the vital, popular and educational subjects with which they have become acquainted at the summer assembly. Reaching the home as it does, the Chautauqua movement is immediately felt where the home influence goes. As one man said to a lecturer at the Northampton, Mass., Chautauqua, "The Chautauqua furnishes us thought for a year." "We have had to call another preacher," said a patron of a Minnesota Chautauqua, "our horizon has extended, so that we must have a better-educated man."



A definite tendency to larger fraternity among the churches; a raising of the standard of culture and efficiency among school teachers; the circulation of books for general and personal uplift; an advance in the educational standards of the community; a desire for civic improvements, good roads, and better government,—all these, and more, result from the Chautauquas. At the Assemblies such subjects are freely and fairly discussed by men who speak with authority, and the heart of their message is carried far and wide.

Under the name of Chautauqua there is exerted to-day an educational influence which is one of the most vital forces of our national life—an influence popular rather than academic. Academic subjects are considered, indeed, but Chautauqua's vital grip is laid upon the very practical study of ethics, economics, sociology and politics. It is the education of the adult population, of people who have had few or many school advantages, and who, now that their school days are over and they face the problems of life, have a yearning for practical information as it bears upon the current life of the towns. These people are mature, earnest, honest. They study the practical, up-to-date books prepared by our ablest men for the Chautauqua literary and scientific circle, and they are discriminating students of the spoken word. They are, in reality, largely the product of the Chautauqua movement.

THE MYSTERY OF THE JADE BUDDHA

By Carolyn Wells

Author of "Rubaiyat of a Motor Car," "A Nonsense Anthology," &c.

FROM the moment I laid my two honest gray eyes on Clara Pryor I just adored her.

Excuse my speaking of my eyes like that, but you see everybody described them that way, and, though I knew my eyes were no more honest than those of the average young American girl, yet I rather liked the phrase and did my best to live up to it.

It was at college that I first met Clara, and through the whole four years we were chums.

And now a year had passed since we were graduated, and, though I hadn't seen her in all that time, we were about to meet again at a house party down at her uncle's country home in Winchester. I had no idea what other guests were to be there, but I was so crazy to see Clara again that I didn't care.

Still, there would probably be someone worth dressing for; so I packed my pink mull and my flower sunbonnet, but all the time my thoughts were with Clara, rather than the possibility of masculine admirers.

Well, the first day or two after I reached Winchester, Clara and I both talked to each other at once and we both talked all the time. There was so much to say that it seemed as if we would never get talked out. We roomed together, and of course we talked all night. Then by day we took long walks or drives, and it wasn't until Guy Hilton came that either of us cared to associate with any one but our two selves. And then a lot of people came, and of course we had to be smiling and sociable with them all, and I was glad I had brought my pink mull and my flower sunbonnet.

But really Clara is the one I'm going to tell you about, so I must stick to my subject.

Clara is a girl who always has some definite purpose. These are so various, and come and go so rapidly, that in anyone else they would be called fads. But Clara isn't that sort. With her they

are serious matters, and the funny part is that every new one she takes up she is sure it's to be her life-work. I should think she'd learn after awhile, but she doesn't.

At this particular time, down in Winchester, she told me that she had concluded to be a detective.

This almost shocked me, for I like to read detective stories myself, and have always thought I'd like to meet a real detective,—a refined, gentlemanly one, I mean,—but I'm very sure I'd rather see than be one.

But Clara felt different about it. She said that she was convinced that she had wonderful detective talent; and she thought, too, that a woman was better fitted for the work than a man. She said a woman's perceptions are more delicate and her sense of deduction more acute.

Then she went on to talk about vital and incidental evidence, and the apparently supernatural powers of trained observation, until, as she was glibly gabbling of the mistake of theorizing from insufficient data, I turned my honest gray eyes full upon her and said:

"Clara Pryor, what have you been reading?"

She looked a little crestfallen at first, and then she smiled, and owned up that for the past two weeks she had just crammed Sherlock Holmes, Anna Katherine Green's stories, Poe's tales, "The Moonstone," and a lot of Gaboriau's and Boigobey's books in paper covers.

Not that the paper covers made any difference, but it showed to what lengths the fastidious Clara had gone in the enthusiasm of her latest definite purpose.

"Have you ever detected anything really?" I demanded.

"No," said Clara, "but then, you see, it's only about two weeks that I've known I had these peculiar powers, and there's been no occasion. But my opportunity will come."

She spoke in a tone of confidence, and her straight nose somehow had an air of Sherlockian inscrutability,—if you know what I mean,—and so I was greatly impressed.

"I'm sure it will," I responded heartily; for so great is my admiration for Clara that I can't help believing everything that she believes. "I'm positive you will be a celebrated detective, and I know exactly what I shall be. I'll be your Dr. Watson and write your memoirs."

"Do," cried Clara; "and you must always go with me on my secret missions, and I'll tell you how I deduce my inferences."

I wasn't quite sure that last phrase of hers was technically correct as to diction, but that was Clara's part of the affair, not mine.

I was more than satisfied to play the part of the admiring though often snubbed Watson. Not that Clara had ever snubbed me, but I could see at once that as a successful detective she would be obliged to do so, and, indeed, was quite ready to begin.

When Clara had a definite purpose, she always acted the principal part with a fine attention to detail.

It may seem strange that an opportunity for detective work occurred the very next day, but if it hadn't this story wouldn't have been written, so you see it wasn't so much of a coincidence after all. It would only have been another story about another episode, for murders or burglaries are bound to occur, if a detective with a definite purpose waits long enough.

Well, that very evening we were all in the library after dinner. Guy Hilton had asked me to walk on the veranda with him, and I had said I would; but Mr. Nicholson—that's Clara's uncle and our host—was showing off some of his curios, and common politeness forced Guy and me to wait until he had finished haranguing about them.

I had no interest in the carved ivories, and tear-bottles, and scarabs, and neither had Mr. Hilton; but Clara loved them. She knew their histories almost as well as her Uncle Albert did, and was never tired of learning about them, looking at them, and even fingering the rusty-looking old things.

Coffee was served in the library, and I remember it was just as I took my cup, that Parsons offered me, that Mr. Nicholson held up the Buddha and began to tell about it.

It seems that that particular Buddha was a very old bit of wonderfully carved jade and its value was enormous.

Well, from what I listened to of what Mr. Nicholson said, I gathered that it was really one of the most remarkable curios in existence, and about as valuable as if it had been made of solid diamond.

I never shall be able to explain the strange sensation that suddenly came to me as the owner of the jade Buddha was discoursing on its marvels.

I wasn't looking at the speaker or the curios; indeed, I was so impatient for the talk to be over that both my attention and my honest gray eyes were wandering all over the room.

And all at once I became aware that every blessed soul in that room was intensely interested in that jade thing.

I mean especially so.

Clara, of course, was devouring it with her eyes. But so were Mr. and Mrs. Upham, a staid, elderly couple who had arrived at the house the day before. So also was Janet Lee, a lovely girl who was trying to cut me out with Mr. Hilton, but who, so far, had not succeeded.

Two or three other young men were present, and the gaze of each was riveted on the idol.

Even Miss Barrington, who scorned anything that was not made in America, seemed hypnotized.

But I concluded all this must have been my imagination, for that night, after Clara and I had gone to our room, I asked her if her detective instincts were aroused by the scene. And she said no, it hadn't occurred to her,—but she wished to goodness somebody *would* steal the Buddha, so she could detect the thief.

I thought quite seriously of stealing it myself, so as to give Clara the chance she wanted. But I decided that such a course would interfere with my rôle of Dr. Watson, so I gave up the idea.

Well, if I've told my story properly, you won't be much surprised to learn that, when Clara and I came down to breakfast the next morning, Mr. Nicholson informed us that the Buddha was gone. He didn't say it was stolen; he just said it was missing from his cabinet, and he didn't know where it was.

My honest gray eyes sought Clara's, and her's were just dancing with delight.

Her opportunity had come!

Right after breakfast we walked down by the brook to talk it over.

"I shan't tell Uncle what I'm doing," said Clara, "for I know he'd only laugh at me. So I shall let him take whatever steps he chooses to recover the Buddha, and meantime I shall go systematically to work and find out who took it."

She looked so capable and determined that I adored her more than ever. I felt so proud to be a Watson to her.

In order to play my part exactly right, I had read up in Sir Conan Doyle's works myself. And I knew that now was my time to sit still and listen to Clara's plans, which, of course, she would only hint vaguely to me; and perhaps occasionally I must throw in a word of appreciation.

"First, I must consider the characters of the guests," Clara began. "Janet Lee, now, is sweet and pretty in her effects, but I know that her real self is sly and deceitful."

"Good gracious!" I exclaimed, quite forgetting my part; "you don't think some of Mr. Nicholson's guests stole his Buddha!"

"I don't think it; I know it," said Clara, and her correct coldness of tone brought me back to a realizing sense of my position. "I have possessed myself of the facts, and I find that the library windows were all fastened on the inside, and the house securely locked. No one could have entered from outside."

"But the servants," I ventured, again forgetting that I was not supposed to suggest.

"They are all old and trusted ones," said Clara, "except Parsons. He is new, but he was well recommended, and Uncle has no reason to suspect him."

"Now, it seems to me," I went on, eagerly, "Parsons is just the one to suspect. He is such an all-round man. He is butler, house-servant, valet, and soft-footed. Oh, Clara, he's just the one to suspect. Do let's suspect him! At first, anyway."

Clara gave me a pitying glance and then resumed her far-away look.

It was efficacious, and I said no more about Parsons, but I couldn't help thinking he was ideal for a criminal.

"Miss Barrington," Clara went on, "seems like an honest lady; and yet she is fond of valuable trinkets and may have been overwhelmingly attracted."

"Miss Barrington!" I exclaimed. "She wouldn't accept as a gift anything of foreign manufacture."

"That may be merely a clever pose; and besides, jade Buddhas are not manufactured."

I was getting used to being snubbed, and took it with a fine imitation of Watsonian meekness.

"The Uphams," Clara proceeded, "are staid old people,—apparently,—but you never can tell. Mr. Hilton——"

At this I flared up.

"If you're going to suspect Mr. Hilton," I said, "you can get somebody else to write your memoirs. I won't!"

"Mr. Hilton," Clara went on, as if I had not spoken, "looks so frank and honest that I seem to deduce a mask of candor, hiding ——"

"You're an idiot, instead of a detective!" I interrupted, and then I walked away to find out for myself what Mr. Hilton's candid mask hid.

A few hours later I found Clara alone on the veranda, and I asked her how she was progressing.

Her ill-natured remark about Mr. Hilton had ceased to annoy me, for I had discovered for myself that that gentleman's mask of candor hid a frank, ingenuous nature.

"I haven't yet formed a definite conclusion," she said, in a low tone. "But I have proved Sherlock Holmes's statement that no one can go into a room and come out again without leaving evidence of having been there. I have examined the library thoroughly, and I found Miss Barrington's handkerchief, Mrs. Upham's gloves, Mr. Hilton's magazine, and several men's cigar-ashes."

"Go on," I said, breathlessly, for I fully expected she would deduce from these the wretch who had stolen the Buddha.

"That's all," she responded. "As I say, I haven't exactly discovered the thief, but these things may be valuable clues."

I was disappointed in Clara then, and I dare say I showed it.

"They were probably left there yesterday afternoon," I said, "before the idol disappeared at all. Couldn't you find anything more vital as evidence?"

Then Clara forgot her impassiveness, and exclaimed, almost angrily, "Perhaps you'd better go and search the library yourself."

"All right, I will," I answered, for I really thought I could find something better than handkerchiefs and gloves.

But there wasn't a thing that could be called a clue. I hunted everywhere. One of the maids had set the room in order; dusted it, and arranged the furniture and ornaments in their proper places.

Somehow I couldn't help wishing I could find something, if only to please Clara.

I stood looking at the dark rich colors of the Persian rug, when a stray sunbeam came in at the window and made something glitter right at my feet.

I picked it up, hoping it might be a diamond. But it wasn't. It was a tiny flake of glass, round and marked with little concentric curves, like a miniature clam-shell. How shall I express its size? Well, it was about as big as the iris of a person's eye,—not a dilated iris, but a normal one.

Wrapping the bit of glass carefully in my handkerchief, I flew back to Clara and whispered to her to come with me up to our own room. There, behind a locked door, I triumphantly showed her the clue I had found, and waited for her expressions of delight.

But she only said, "What is it?" and looked rather blank.

"Why, Clara," I cried, "don't you see what it is? It's a chip from somebody's eye-glasses! And, of course, whoever stole the Buddha last night dropped his glasses and this bit broke off."

"Of course," exclaimed Clara. "That's what I have already thought out. I just wanted to see if it also occurred to you. Give me the chip, Ethel."

I gave it to her, glad to be of that much assistance to her in her great work.

"Now," she said, "we've only to discover who is wearing a chipped eye-glass to know who is the criminal."

"Yes," said I, "unless they have bought a new pair or owned other glasses."

"Of course I meant unless that," said Clara calmly.

Well, if you'll believe me, Mr. Upham came to luncheon wearing a pair of eye-glasses with a little place chipped out at one side! They were rimless glasses, and the defect, being on the edge, didn't at all interfere with their usefulness. I almost fainted, for I remembered what Clara had said about the staid old gentleman.

He did indeed seem to have an honest face, but I felt sure I detected criminal signs in the wrinkles round his nose.

After luncheon Clara went bravely up to him and asked him to walk round the sundial with herself and me. The walk around the sundial was a favorite constitutional with everybody. Mr. Upham looked a little surprised, but he politely said yes, and we started off.

Clara was polite too; she always is. But I could see she meant to show no mercy. And, indeed, why should she?

Well, she began a little abruptly, I thought, by saying:

"Mr. Upham, if you will return the jade Buddha to my uncle, I will promise not to tell him who took it."

"Bless my soul, child! What do you mean?" exclaimed the old man, stopping right where he was and turning red in the face.

"I mean," went on Clara firmly, "that I know you took my uncle's jade idol, and I'm telling you that if you'll return it I won't have you arrested, for I don't want any publicity or excitement about it."

Instead of looking alarmed, Mr. Upham seemed amused, and he said, with a funny little smile:

"Thank you very much for your kind consideration, but suppose I deny that I took the jade image?"

"Then," and here came Clara's moment of triumph, "I should tell you that I have positive proof of your guilt."

It may have been the tragic tone of Clara's declaration, or it may have been the throes of a guilty conscience, but anyhow Mr. Upham turned fairly white, as he said:

"Indeed, miss, and what is your positive proof?"

In the stillest silence I ever heard, Clara unfolded a little pink paper and showed the tiny scale of glass.

"That," she said, impressively, "was picked up from the library floor. It precisely matches the flaw in the edge of your eye-glass. Is further proof needed?"

Of course, not being a born detective, I may have misunderstood the expression on Mr. Upham's face, but it seemed to me he had all he could do to keep from bursting into laughter. "Does it match?" he asked. "Let us try."

But after he had taken off his glasses to make the test, he couldn't see at all.

Just then Mr. Nicholson came walking toward us.

"Hallo, Albert," said Mr. Upham; "lend me your glasses a minute, will you?"

Mr. Nicholson did so, and Mr. Upham put them on and gravely examined his own pair, matching Clara's bit of glass to the flaw in the edge.

"Fits exactly!" he declared. "Now put on your own glasses, Albert, and look at this."

Mr. Nicholson did as requested, and agreed that the chip must have been broken from that very place.

"Now," said Mr. Upham, "I say nothing in my own defence, but, for the further assistance of this young lady in her laudable work, I wish to state that I lent these particular glasses to our host, Mr. Nicholson, last evening, he having mislaid his own. When I retired, I left Mr. Nicholson still in the library, reading, with these particular glasses on his nose."

This gave a new turn to affairs, which, if logically followed up, would seem to prove Mr. Nicholson the thief of his own Buddha.

But Clara had no notion of accusing her own uncle or of letting him know of her efforts in his behalf; so, as Mr. Upham walked away (and I am sure he did so to hide his laughter), she merely asked Mr. Nicholson if he were the last one in the library the night before.

"How do I know?" he exclaimed. He was an irascible sort of man. "I sat there, reading, until about eleven. Yes, I had Upham's glasses on. I had left mine upstairs, and we wear the same number. About eleven, I think it was, I went up to my room. I met Parsons in the hall, and I gave him the glasses to take to Mr. Upham. I presume he did so, for I saw that gentleman had them on at breakfast this morning."

"Were they chipped when you were reading with them, Uncle?" asked Clara.

"No, they were not. And I didn't break them, either. Probably Parsons let them fall on the floor or stairs, as he took them to Mr. Upham."

Without waiting to make further explanations, Clara grasped my arm and fairly dragged me toward the house.

"I told you so!" she said; "I knew it was Parsons all the time. He crept into the library and stole the thing after uncle gave him the glasses and before he took them to Mr. Upham. In the library he was probably startled by some noise, and dropped them on the hard-wood floor or the hearth, and the little chip of glass flew over on the rug."

I remembered distinctly that it was I who insisted on suspecting Parsons, but I wouldn't have said so to Clara for anything.

Together we went in search of Parsons, and found that household treasure in the butler's pantry.

"Parsons," said Clara, in a gentle tone, "if you will give me the little stone idol, I will see to it that you are leniently dealt with."

"Miss?" said Parsons, looking at us both with a sort of deferential wonder.

"I say," repeated Clara, "if you will give me the little stone idol,—the jade Buddha——"

"Why, it's been stole, miss. Haven't you heard about it?"

"Parsons," exclaimed Clara, thoroughly exasperated at his imbecile expression, "don't attempt to deceive me! You were in the library last night after my uncle retired."

"No, miss. Excuse me, miss, but Mr. Nicholson put out the library lights himself. He came upstairs just as I was passing through the hall, and he gave me a pair of eye-glasses, miss, which he said I was to take to Mr. Upham's room."

"Parsons," and Clara's gaze would have forced the truth from Ananias, "did you go at once to Mr. Upham's room with those glasses?"

"Why, no, miss. You see, it was this way. I met young Mr. Hilton a minute after, and he asked me to get him some hot water. He was in a hurry, and he said if I'd go for it at once he'd hand the glasses to Mr. Upham for me. So I gave the glasses to Mr. Hilton, miss, and I went to the kitchen for the hot water."

"That will do, Parsons," said Clara. "It is just as I thought." And with an air of entire success, she stalked away, and I meekly followed.

"You see," she declared, turning on me tragically, when we reached our own room, "it was your Mr. Hilton, after all!"

"Nothing of the sort!" I exclaimed angrily. "And for pity's sake don't go and tell him he's a thief. Let me cross-examine him."

I was so afraid Clara would be rude to my friend that I forgot my inconspicuous rôle, and forged ahead.

Leaving Clara, I flew down to the veranda, where I knew Guy Hilton sat, smoking, and said to him, without apology or preamble:

"Mr. Hilton, as a personal favor, will you tell me to whom you gave Mr. Upham's eye-glasses, last night, after you took them from Parsons?"

"Certainly," he said, just as casually as if I had asked him to tell me the time of day. "I saw one of the house-maids just outside Mr. Upham's door, and I asked her to hand the glasses to Mr. Upham."

"Thank you," I said, and I smiled at him and ran away.

I told Clara that her suspicions had to be moved again, and she said that quite fitted into her theory. Indeed, she had deduced it already.

Well, then we suspected Norah, of course, and we went for her.

It was getting to be an exciting game now. Suspicion shifted so rapidly that it kept us on the jump.

As Clara said she had surmised, Norah informed us that she

handed the glasses, herself, to Mrs. Upham directly after Mr. Hilton had asked her to do so.

I felt a little diffident about accusing Mrs. Upham of being a thief and a robber, but Clara was inexorable.

She marched straight to the lady, and I thought she was going to tell her that if she'd give up the stolen goods we wouldn't arrest her.

But Clara didn't do that this time; she said, "Mrs. Upham, pardon me if I am indiscreet, but will you tell me what you did with the eye-glasses that Norah brought to your room last night?"

Mrs. Upham smiled pleasantly,—you know Clara is very pretty,—and said:

"Certainly, my dear. I laid them on the chiffonnier in my husband's dressing-room."

"Were they chipped or broken at that time?"

"No, I know they were not, for, as they seemed a trifle cloudy, I cleaned them myself, as I often do. They were in perfect condition. Why do you ask?"

"Oh, nothing," said Clara, and she seized my arm and hurried me away.

"It was Mr. Upham, after all!" she whispered, and her face grew pale with excitement. "Late at night he put on his glasses, went down to the library, and stole the Buddha. In the dim room his glasses fell off, or were somehow knocked off, and the chip flew on the floor."

Well, the strange part is, that's the exact truth. Mr. Upham, it seems, was a monomaniac on the subject of jade, and he did go down to the library, just as Clara said, and take the Buddha. He owned up to it finally, but he told Mr. Nicholson he didn't intend to keep it. He said he wanted to study it by himself. But, if that was so, why didn't he borrow it openly?

So, you see, Clara was a real detective, after all, and that tiny piece of glass was the clue to a strange adventure, which I am proud to be the one to record.

CHANGELESS

BY GRACE G. BOSTWICK

WITH time or tide there's one thing changeth not,
Whether the world be young or sad and old;
The man who always kicks whene'er it's hot—
He is the same who growls about the cold.

SHORE LEAVE

By Mary Moss

Author of "A Sequence in Hearts," "Fruit Out of Season," Etc.



ALTHOUGH no devotee of Mr. Rudyard Kipling, my Aunt was in perfect, if unconscious, accord with a line of his which proclaims a geographical limit to the Ten Commandments. To her mind, frost and virtue go as inseparably linked as self-indulgence and hot baths, and while her intelligence has never denied that a high mercury might be looked for in the tropics, the fact of needing a fan on the day after Christmas filled her with indignant disgust.

We had made this pilgrimage to avoid dampness, but on the way from the boat to our lodging a rain—such a rain as never fell in Boston—blotted out every feature of the village. When we emerged, copiously dripping, from our hack, a devouring sun smote our bedraggled headgear. Before my Aunt could aim her kodak, it was again raining!

The lodging itself hardly pleased her. Above all, my Aunt craves the definite! A structure with galleries so jalousied, and rooms so open, that experience alone could teach you where house ended and porch began, shocked her sense of order. When she found that no partition wall reached any ceiling, when she heard her neighbor button his boots, she at once feared the unsupported roof might fall, and greatly hoped it would. The whole place was distressingly unlike Fairhaven, Massachusetts.

Our hostess offered apologies. Yes, they were a trifle upset. Carpenters putting up a bath house in the garden, and two hundred guests had just left (the house accommodated eighteen), sailors from a gunboat, on three days' shore leave, for Christmas.

"They have all left, did you say?" My Aunt countenanced no belligerents but herself, and sitting upright on a couch in Mrs. Browne's mysterious parlor, she raked the shadowy corners for trace of naval occupation.

"Yes, ma'am. All gone, that is, but one. He's quiet enough now, poor lad." Mrs. Browne's voice nevertheless hinted at anxiety. What further she might have revealed was here cut short by a scene which

indelibly confirmed my Aunt's worst fears of what you might expect in godless tropic islands.

First a lightning-quick patter of unshod feet, then through the doorless doorway burst a lean, cinnamon-colored man, straight-haired, straight-featured, wild-eyed! Of course time only showed these details. Our first vision was a headlong tangle of brown nakedness and white drapery, radiating terror and haste. An escaping end of white stuff tripped him, and with a shriek he fell, rolled over, and shot under the sofa upon which my Aunt sat waving her fan, just in time to escape the onslaught of a large, black devil who brandished a trident of great power and sharpness.

"You Johnson, you sir! You negroes are a perfect pest!" Mrs. Browne fearlessly addressed the fiend. "You scare that coolie man crazy with your nonsense. Clean crazy!"

The devil burst out in an impolite genealogy of all coolies; my Aunt, partly reassured, raised a dominant Massachusetts voice. At that moment a young man lounged in the doorway, a curly-headed lad of some two and twenty, with thick black hair, bold black eyes and rosy cheeks smooth as a girl's. When he smiled, his full red lips parted over teeth as strong and white as a sound young dog's. He wore nondescript clothes, suggesting the sea, and a small gold seal ring, on the little finger of his left hand. A fine, lusty creature, born to work hard, play hard, and satisfy his keen young appetite upon all the fruits of the earth!

Seeing, after a gleam of amusement, that my Aunt's wordy anger covered genuine fright, he bade the intruders begone, adding a touch of authority, as the masquerading negro seemed disposed to linger.

Then indeed my Aunt's eloquence knew no bounds And Doctors send invalids to this place! A *nervous* woman might easily have died for less! It only happened once a year? Perhaps, but it *had* happened once already, and she not three hours ashore! The coolie not nakeder than boys at home training along the Fenway? Perhaps not! Athletic trousers *are* short, but still they are *trousers*.

The devil a respectable hackman! Did he look it, with that tail and the horns?

"I shall see,"—for all her wisdom turning in great crises to man, even to beardless adolescence,—"I shall see that paper I write for is supplied with full details of the truth about this island! My niece shall help me get off the letter by to-morrow's boat!"

Now why was it that at this, the lad lost color, grew sullen? The look he gave us became distinctly hostile, nay, worse! Fright, controlled but unmistakable, showed in his whole bearing, fright and discouragement. Turning on his heel to leave, he marched straight into two uni-

formed officials, one quasi-white, one black, both wearing stiff linen tunics, helmets, blue trousers with a stripe of red.

"Mr. Frank Liston?" the white man asked. "Gunboat Hecla?"

Where was the lad's spirit, his natural gayety? With a surly nod of assent he followed the uniforms through devious passages, out of sight.

My Aunt, now interrogation personified, turned to Mrs. Browne. "They come every day, just to see he's all right. A mere form," the landlady explained.

"Do all strangers on this island live under police surveillance?" My Aunt had passed into regions far beyond surprise.

Before Mrs. Browne had time to reassure her, a gong summoned us to a repast whose oddity struck me as a merit and outraged my Aunt's tradition and digestion.

You should have seen her first and last duel with a mango! And she, at home, too refined to eat corn off the cob! And after all that degrading struggle, the flavor offended her sense of propriety.

"It tastes of nine kinds of fruit, and turpentine," were her first words on regaining speech.

"As if it grew in the shades of Erebus, as if Pluto and Proserpine ate a couple, every night before bed-time!" I offered this as a compromise between agreeing with her, and owning to a weakness for mangoes.

At the sound of my feeble pleasantry, the lad, Frank Liston, who had been silently dining at a remote end of the table, again cast towards us that look of resentment. Pushing back his plate and declining a cocoanut mixture fit even to tranquillize Puritanism, he slouched out of the room with an air at once hostile and dejected.

Appeased by coffee of high perfection, Aunt Mary discovered a writing room. Busily occupied with journal and letters, she reviled the heat and sat close to a student's lamp.

I strolled out on the gallery for a first glimpse of the crooked little town. To one side, a hall, fiddles and dancing; through open windows I could see pretty brown girls waltzing with smart brown beaux. Music floated out agreeably, also many odors . . . penango, the beloved of stylish half-breeds, cocoanut oil, and the queer smell of orange-fed negro bodies! Beyond our quiet avenue the narrow streets seethed with life and excitement . . . Masqueraders with drums, with accordions, coolie men, watchful and sober, coolie women gorgeous in draperies and rude silver ornaments, anklets, ear-rings, nose-rings! The shriek of caged parrots, the everlasting din of negro chatter! Behind the house lay a stretch of garden, some palm trees, and a sea-wall looking out over a harbor quivering with lights.

"You ladies don't really mind him being here?" Mrs. Browne whispered at my elbow. "He seemed right young and innocent to go to gaol. He'd never feel the same about himself, after he came out."

"Mind him,—Mr. Liston? He seems a nice quiet boy." I felt magnanimous in forgiving his open dislike.

"Now, that's what I say," Mrs. Browne went on. "But a lodger left to-day, because of me keeping him."

"A lodger left? But why, what did he do?"

"Look at that town!" Mrs. Browne waved a despising hand. "There's a few white people up on the hill, but much they know or care about a parcel of sailors, just strange young men, with mothers of their own at home, and sweethearts."

"Yes, I noticed he wore a ring."

Mrs. Browne had much to tell. "Yes, and you will notice how bad he feels when he looks at it, too. And a gayer boy than he was, three days ago! But what do people expect? Keep 'em afloat three months, turn 'em loose ashore in a black-and-tan town like this, with money in their pockets, and not a thing for them to do! Not a home for the boys to go in, not a white woman to throw them a word. What do they expect?" she broke off impatiently.

"And what happened?" She seemed to wait my question.

"What happened, Miss? Why, the only thing! There's no decent amusement here for one white lad, not at the best of times, let alone a hundred and more. There's just two things they *can* do, and getting drunk's not the worst."

Beyond, in the avenue of palms, I could dimly see Frank Liston pacing to and fro, with bent head, dejected shoulders and the invincibly springy step of youth. Now and again, forgetting to move, he would stand in deep, painful revery. Then, with a defiant shake of his curly head, he was off, walking in the manner of one who vainly tries to out-strip care and sorrow.

"And he could have dodged arrest, if he'd been willing to quit like the others," Mrs. Browne continued. "They'd have never caught him. Easy enough for a sailor to swing out of any window in this town. But he saw the girl was dying."

"The girl?" But this time I was to learn without further question.

"Yes, Miss. Of course he never should have been there. You and I know that. They were all, or most of them, in one of those coon joints. I don't know just how it began, but a girl's black fellow got in, fighting drunk, of course, with a machete. Slashed an artery, and she was bleeding badly. The other boys lit out. No one wants to be mixed up in those rows. By the time the police got in, there was no one but her

and Frank. He waited to try and stop the flow. And that's how he's here now, under surveillance. No friends to go bail for him, till the trial. Say, you don't mind, do you?" she asked abruptly. "But maybe we'd best not tell your aunt."

With this I heartily agreed. "And the other lady left?" I marvelled.

Mrs. Browne now reached her grievance. "Yes, she did! A sour old maid, and ugly. Left in a huff; said it was the first time in all her life she'd ever come near to such doings. Gaol was too good for him, and the dear knows! I think he overheard her, he's been so down ever since; she said I was no better, a white woman and a mother, to stand for such doings!" At that minute, Mrs. Browne's hot, red face looked almost beautiful to me.

"Perhaps being a mother is just why," I suggested, watching the lonely young figure on its disconsolate promenade.

Presently the police officers again interviewed Frank Liston, and Mrs. Browne further volunteered that they required him to keep early hours. "Not that he's getting much sleep, these nights. He's so afraid his people will catch wind of it, and the girl at home. He comes from New Hampshire, a country lad, and she's a schoolmarm."

Certainly if a creaking couch be a sign of troubled slumbers, Frank Liston spent a night the wakefulness of which passed over the partition between our rooms. He tossed and I tossed, and all the while a sense of guilt, of adding to his troubles, lay upon me, ridiculously, fantastically, but with a shiver of growing responsibility.

At daybreak he was up, softly dressing. I could swear that he wrote a letter. Then came a queer sound, a click, another. I could not place that sound, it worried me.

Sudden light flooded my room, the dawnless tropic sunrise. Slipping on a dressing-gown I passed out through open doors into the quiet garden. Strange hot-house plants bloomed like weeds, strange fragrances wafted in over the harbor. Far to the right, long rollers of surf broke on a rocky promontory, sending up fountains of gleaming spray. Circling gulls hovered above the anchored shipping. On the sea wall a solitary man seemed busy with some planks, a heavy stone. Frank Liston! He balanced a stout board over the water, staying its earthward end with stone after stone; then coming back, he picked up a small object from the grass. It glittered in the sun.

Quickly I moved towards him. "You are making a nice diving-board, Mr. Liston, but are there no sharks?"

"None get in over that reef you see yonder, where the water is light blue." Following his pointing finger, I saw a strip of turquoise

lying athwart the lapis-colored harbor. To-day he was paler, more nervous.

"What paper do you write for?" he suddenly asked.

"I? None at all," I began. "It's my Aunt." Certainly there was something sinister hidden in his clenched fist. There was no way out, I must see. Little as I might wish it, my responsibility had grown real, and very pressing.

"Lend me that pistol!" I looked straight at him. "Those gulls are a good mark."

His lips tightened, but seeing my extended hand, he reached me a small revolver, clean and new. Without another word I joined him on the wall, and before he could stay me, had dropped it in the deep blue water.

"Why did you do that?" He turned on me angrily. "You're here for copy. You've got me. Think of your headlines. I'd have been worth more to you . . . so . . . than I'm worth to anyone . . . alive!"

So that *was* it! And here he stood, quivering with life; and if I had chanced to sleep one hour longer!

With what sailor's neatness he had planned it! One moment on the end of his diving-board, a hole in his temple, and deep, sapphire waters meeting over his foolish, wasted youth!

While I was agonizing for the word to ease him, for the wisdom to hold him and yet not make light of his fault, the thing, the only right thing of itself naturally happened. I was crying, bitterly, as his sister might have cried.

"Why do you do that?" he asked, presently adding, "I'm nothing to you, only copy for your Aunt!"

The time had come to speak. "You are not even so much," I took him up. "Do you suppose we're scavenging for things like that? My poor little Aunt! She's literary critic for our village paper at home: she'd rather die a thousand deaths than mention you!"

"Then why . . . ?" He pointed downward to his lost pistol. "But why not let me . . . what business of yours?"

"None," I confessed. "But come, Frank Liston! Let us talk this out!"

"You're a woman," he objected. "You" He eyed me doubtfully. "You're not old!"

"Any woman worth the name is old enough for that!"

"But women—ladies—" he corrected, "don't, . . . can't"

"Listen, boy," I turned on him. "This is bad enough, big enough, for you to die of, you strong, young thing, with a mother at home maybe,

and a sweetheart." How he winced at that! "And you stop to think whether we, you and I, two human beings, can *talk* it out! And three days ago you didn't stop at *doing* it!"

He shook his head. "You don't understand. No woman can! I don't see why it is, myself, but so it is." After a minute's brooding "Suppose the people at home don't find out! Can I go back, and always think some day they surely will? You don't know what she's like. She believes!" The inarticulate young creature paused, struggled with some inner pocket, and held me out a picture. A girl with starry, trustful look! Again my eyes filled.

"What is it?" he again asked.

"Only thinking how she would have looked to-night, when the cable came. *You* would have been well out of it!" I could not spare him now.

He pondered. "But if she really knew"

"Women," I broke in, "know far more than you ever dream. Look at me. You say I am not old! You say I don't understand. Why, lad, it's simple, simple as the tides, and death, and life! Why? Who can say? But so it is."

"When we came down here," at last he softened, "I never meant"

"Everyone knows that," I reassured him. "It's only this. You had been kept thirsty in a desert. Thirst is natural. Deserts are torments. Then you came where there were only gutters. Saints and heroes resist! But you are neither. And must you die, because you fall short of the best? It's hot here, and strange, and disturbing. That woman, yesterday, felt defiled at being under the same roof with you. To-day, it seemed, poor lad, that you were copy for a harpy of a newsmonger. You forgot that whatever lay against you, you'd never been a coward. You had risked all this, rather than leave a dying girl. You've stood like a man, ready to pay; why default now?"

He raised his head a little, not meeting my eye. "I couldn't leave her!"

"The others did." I laid my hand on his shoulder.

Suddenly he broke out with his pent-up horror. "If you only knew how little I liked it! Time and time again they say, 'Come ashore with us!' And you don't go. There's your girl at home! And you write letters. You read stale books, you smoke pipe after pipe and but then there comes a time, you never know why"

"Ah, lad! Who does? But if you're flawed, pick up the pieces and go on. I'm often in New Hampshire; some day I'll see that girl of yours. Shall she be wearing black, and living under a silent dread, half knowing, half fearing to know?"

"But the trial, the court?" He objected.

"Write her to-day, don't leave it to chance!" I pleaded. "Tell her you've been in a scrape, a bad one. That you tumbled in, lad, because you were a man, and for the same reason you did not crawl out! That girl of yours will ask no questions!"

"Would you do that?" At last his eyes met mine.

"Good morning, you early birds!" Mrs. Browne, in what Fairhaven would surely deem unseemly *déshabille*, came clumping towards us. "Does your Aunt take fresh butter, Miss, or guava? Better send both? Her coffee is ready, and yours, too, Frank. Come, while it's hot."

"Thank you, I want it," said Frank Liston slowly, "to brace me for a letter home. One they will get by New Year's."

"My Bob's civil engineering in Ecuador!" Mrs. Browne watched Frank's retreating figure, as he vanished among the croton and poinsetta bushes. "And, deary, deary me," she went on, after a moment's wistful silence, "if it ain't a queer world. I've just got this cable. Another boat and two hundred boys coming down for New Year! Back pay in their pockets, and three days shore leave!"



IN THE DESERT

BY CECILIA A. LOIZEAUX

A NARROW strip of dreary, sun-baked sand;
Brown shadows, purpling dimly toward the edge;
A ribbon-width of tawny, sultry sky
That presses inward like a circling band;
Even the sun sinks dully o'er the ledge,
And Night slips from his hiding-place nearby.

Within my tent I draw my curtain close
And light my candle, and prepare for rest.
And then I lay me down; but not to sleep;
It is too still. My longing backward goes
To rolling billows with high, wind-tost crest,
And white-winged vessels dipping on the deep.

BORN TO BE HANGED

By Caroline Lockhart

SAMUEL STOTTS, in his tar-paper house on his one hundred and sixty acres of homesteaded sage-brush, gazed at his inflamed face in his eighty-nine cent mirror, and thought, for something like the thousandth time, what a fine long neck he had by which to hang. Sandwiched in between the epithets of opprobrium which he was bestowing liberally upon Mr. McAdoo were disjointed sentences from which one might have gathered that "the psychological moment" in his life arrived.

"I'll kill him, by ding!" said Stotts through his shut teeth. "The mangy son of a sheep-herder! I've told him once and I've told him twice, and if he does it once more, I'll puncture him. I'd rather be hung for killin' McAdoo than any man in the Basin."

Still grinding his teeth, he tore open a bureau-drawer and took out a package of envelopes, his examination of the contents increasing his rage until he was frightful to behold.

Stotts truly believed that he was born to be hung. Every indication pointed to the gallows as his ultimate end. He had been told so from childhood. He was red-haired, red-faced, and in anger his pale blue eyes gleamed with an insane fury. All the reminiscences of his neighbors "back East, in Iowa," were along the same line. He knew by heart the tale of how at four years of age he had bitten his sweet girl cousin and at seven had hurled the hammer at his brother; he had all but thrashed his father at fifteen, and at seventeen had put the principal of the High School out of business for several hours. When at twenty a trance medium singled him out of a circle to tell him that in some way he seemed associated with a rope that clinched it; figuring as the principal attraction at a hanging became as much a part of his calculations as though there was a gallows, with his name on it, waiting for him in the jail-yard.

When Stotts went to Wyoming, his friends reminded him of his destiny, and urged him to curb his temper in that tumultuous land, and he had done well until his trail and McAdoo's had crossed.

McAdoo, the chronic office-holder in the town on the edge of which

Stotts had taken up his homestead, had thwarted, antagonized, and enraged him from the beginning. As mayor, McAdoo had ordered Stotts arrested for allowing his cows to browse in the main streets. Stotts went to jail rather than pay his fine, saying he needed a rest, anyhow. As constable, McAdoo put Stotts's dogs in the pound and enforced the two-dollar dog tax. As water commissioner, he shut off Stott's water supply, saying that Stotts was watering more horses than he paid for,—all of which Stotts endured with what, for him, was meekness. Finally, McAdoo became postmaster, and, in a brilliant moment, conceived the idea of answering sundry advertisements in Stotts's name.

It was the custom of the adult population of the town to assemble in the post-office during the distribution of the mail, where each box renter stood by his box watching like a dog at a rabbit-hole. Everybody took a keen interest in the mail of everybody else, and it was not considered poor taste to speculate, and comment freely, upon the contents and appearance of each other's letters or to crane one's neck to look into one's neighbor's mail-box.

When Stotts received a postal-card urging him to send ten cents and learn how to raise mushrooms in his cellar, it was the occasion of some merriment,—chiefly because Stotts had no cellar. The next mail brought a notification of the shipment, according to request, of a six-gallon bottle of catarrh cure,—express charges, \$1.25. The outside of the envelope was decorated with the wood-cut of a vulgar person snorting steam like a Siegfried dragon. Stotts was distinctly annoyed and refused to receive the six-gallon bottle. A sample box of diamond, emerald, and ruby rings, retailing at ten cents each, for him to peddle, came in the same mail with a sample of pills which, if taken persistently, would prove a permanent cure for the fits which had afflicted him from childhood. "Good old Dr. Ray, Family Physician and Woman's Friend," wrote to him personally, from Indianapolis, upon a subject which mantled his cheeks with blushes and sent him scurrying from the post-office.

When McAdoo opened the office the next morning at seven o'clock, Stotts was waiting for him.

"If you put any more of those cussed things in my box," said Stotts, shaking with excitement, "there'll be trouble."

"What things?" inquired McAdoo innocently.

Stotts gave him one lurid look and turned on his heel. That night he received a frame and colored worsteds to enable him to earn pin-money in his home, also a voluminous pamphlet and a printed slip for him to fill out describing more fully than he had in his letter the symptoms of the painful disease which afflicted him.

Stotts hurled the embroidery frame and the pamphlet through the general delivery window at McAdoo's head, the veins standing out on his forehead with the effort he made to control himself.

"M—M—McAdoo," he stuttered, "I'm goin' to k—k—kill you if you don't q—q—quit makin' a fool of me!"

McAdoo smiled at him tolerantly.

The news of Stotts's singular mail had spread to such an extent that people began to drive in from the country to see what he would draw. But there was no humor in the situation to Stotts, who had no humor in his composition. At each reference to "Good old Dr. Ray" he exploded like a bunch of fire-crackers. He brooded over his mail by day and dreamt of it by night, and still sample meat-choppers, liver-pads, and letters from professors anxious to teach him, by mail, to sing, filled his box. His name had been forged to a letter to a matrimonial agency, and a lady who was employed as assistant cook in a hotel at Billings, Montana, threatened to come down and inspect him,—*"obj. mat."*

At last, when Stotts started for his mail, he oiled his gun. His letter-box was full, as usual, and so was the post-office, the crowd pushing eagerly forward to inspect the contents of the former.

With a smile which in itself would have been sufficient provocation for murder, McAdoo handed out a box, a bottle, and several one-cent letters. The box contained a glass ball, not unlike a glass door-knob, and a note from a fortune-teller in Chicago, apologizing for the delay in sending same, and containing a request for a dollar for the instructions which would enable Stotts to tell fortunes by means of the glass globe and earn a comfortable income for himself and family.

Stotts had no family, but the young woman clerk in the general merchandise store, standing at his elbow at the time, had an attraction for Stotts which always took him through the dress-goods department on his way to the groceries.

"Let's see what's in the bottle," she said eagerly.

Some warning instinct made Stotts hesitate.

"Please do," pouted the young woman clerk, and Stotts, in his weakness, took the bottle from its mailing case and exposed the red label:

"Muvver's Milk.

Once Having Used Muvver's Milk

You Will Use No Other."

Muvver's Milk crashed to the floor. Stotts hurled the glass knob, which was to enable him to earn a comfortable income for himself

and family, straight through the glass front section of the letter-boxes. His hand darted to his hip-pocket and a bullet sung through the money-order window before the mocking laugh had died on McAdoo's lips.

McAdoo fell, his blood dyeing the Bear Creek mail-sack; women screamed, and the young lady clerk of the general merchandise store fainted. Stotts, with the face of a madman, dashed through the dazed crowd and sprang on his horse. He arrived breathless at his tar-paper house and sat down to wait for the sheriff.

The prophecy which had hounded him from infancy was to be fulfilled at last! He had killed a man in a fit of rage and would he hung! It was all coming out as they had said. At first he had only a feeling of satisfaction, so great had been his anger at McAdoo; but, gradually regret and a certain dread of the fate which he had long regarded so philosophically crept in to mar his satisfaction. He grew nervous with the incredibly long wait, and a real fear of death, a genuine panic, seized him. He thought of the young woman clerk—ah, life had held many possibilities!

He walked restlessly to and fro. He paused in front of the mirror; truly he had a noble neck to hang! He measured it between his thumb and middle finger; it was like a joint of stove-pipe. The thud of galloping hoofs interrupted his contemplation and started the cold perspiration. Yes, it was the sheriff. Stotts saw the bulge in his pocket where he always carried the handcuffs.

The sheriff's face was grave as he handcuffed Stotts to the pommel of Stotts's own saddle and rode ahead leading his horse. The sheriff said that, owing to the enormity of his offence, and to the fact that it was such an open-and-shut case, Stotts would be tried by a jury of his peers before the justice of the peace. The town, he said further, had no wish to support him in idleness in the calaboose until the Circuit Judge held court again in the county-seat. This method of procedure was not strictly according to Hoyle, the sheriff admitted, but in a new country, where distances were great and time of value, the strict letter of the law could not always be carried out.

Stotts did not protest. It made no difference to him whether he was sentenced by a judge or a justice of the peace, though he did wonder vaguely which one of the rival lumber-yards would get the contract for building his gallows, and which one of his friends would jerk the rope.

The night in the calaboose passed slowly—the longest he had ever known. No one came near him; so he realized that his disgrace was deep indeed. He prayed that they would try, sentence, and hang him all in one day. His prayers, he thought grimly, had a fair chance of being answered, as they did things quick and thoroughly in the Basin.

At ten the next morning, the sheriff led him, handcuffed,—an unnecessary indignity Stotts thought wearily,—into the cramped quarters occupied by the justice of the peace, who was also the local real-estate and insurance agent. No encouraging smile greeted him from his erstwhile friends and neighbors who packed the place. He observed, with a certain resentment, that the foreman of the jury of his peers was the anæmic youth who played the piano in the dance-hall, and the front row of chairs in the jury-box was occupied by Red, the bar-keep, Jans, the barber, Wilson, the horse-doctor, and Milo, the dago porter from the hotel. Disgraced as he was, Stotts did not feel that he was being tried by a jury of his peers.

Peace, a new attorney in town, read the warrant aloud, but Stotts buried his head in his hands and did not listen; he was wondering if the young lady clerk would take a holiday and come to see him hung. He thought bitterly that probably the public school would close on that festal occasion.

There was loud applause at the conclusion of the reading of the warrant.

"Guilty or not guilty?" demanded the justice of the peace, rapping for order.

"Guilty!" shouted Stotts, glaring defiance at the court and the crowd.

There was a burst of laughter and the blood began to flow hotly through Stotts's veins once more. Even in Wyoming such callousness seemed incredible.

Peace opened the case for the prosecution. He was a pompous person who invested his most commonplace statements with great dramatic intensity. Stotts eyed him in disdain.

"This man," said Peace, pointing an accusing finger at Stotts, "is a man of a notorious temper. His presence in Wyoming is probably due to this fact. Who and what is he? None of us can answer that question: his past is shrouded in mystery. If his record were investigated, it would undoubtedly be learned that he is wanted in other States for the same crime with which he is charged in this warrant. Look at him, gentlemen, cowering in his seat, guilt written on his brow."

As a matter of fact, Stotts was sitting bold upright, clinching and unclenching his fists.

Peace then enumerated and described with considerable vividness the occasions upon which Stotts had been seen in a blind rage.

"Such a man, with a gun," continued Peace emphatically, "is a menace to the community!"

This statement met with applause.

Peace then began to relate the story of the events which led to the shooting, and the letters from "good old Dr. Ray," the embroidery frame, the glass ball, and, lastly, the shattered fragments of the bottle which had once contained Muvver's Milk were offered in evidence.

Stotts almost frothed at the mouth.

"Our wives and innocent babes would not be safe were such men as he permitted to go unpunished!" declared Peace, at the close of an eloquent harangue.

"And, gentlemen of the jury, in conclusion I ask, I entreat, that the punishment meted out to yonder guilty wretch be as heavy as is compatible with your conscience."

He took his seat while the court-room rang with shouts of approbation. Stotts felt that his last chance was gone when he saw that one Hobbs had been appointed to defend him. To Stotts's certain knowledge, Hobbs had not won a case in three years in which he had been practising in the Basin. And, to make matters worse, Hobbs, at ten o'clock in the morning, was undeniably drunk.

Hobbs looked at the prisoner, at the judge, at the jury, and burst into tears. He had been drinking gin sours—Hobbs always wept when he drank gin sours. Punctuating his sentences with sobs, he began:

"G'nelmen; thish pris'ner ish guilty—he says so himself. But there wash 'stenuatin' circumstances. There wash a crowd, he wash excited, the gun had not been ushed in any manner-shape-or-form for some years. G'nelmen, he done hish best. What more," demanded Hobbs, wiping his streaming eyes, "what more can any man do than hish best?"

"It wash rotten shootin'—bad, incomprehensile, degustin'—but g'nelmen, no man can rely totally, absolutely, entirely on hish nerves. Look at my han' this minute! Some days steady as steel; other days shakin'—shakin' for the drinks. Le' him down easy, g'nelmen. Give him another chance, and then if he don' make good, soak him!"

Stotts, writhing in his chair, could stand it no longer. He had listened dazed at first; now he sprang to his feet, his eyes and face flaming, and, waving his handcuffed hands, he shouted, "Stop him! Hang me if you want to—I don't mind that; but don't torture me first!"

The sheriff pushed Stotts into his seat.

"Do you find the prisoner guilty or not guilty?" asked the judge solemnly of the jury.

"Guilty," replied the foreman, rising after a brief consultation. "We recommend that a fine of fifteen dollars be imposed upon Samuel

Stotts for failing to kill Bill McAdoo at seven paces, as charged in the warrant. Such shootin' is a disgrace to Wyoming."

And, although Samuel Stotts had no more sense of humor than a chipmunk, he realized, from the roar which went up, that he had been the victim of a practical joke, and he cheerfully paid the fine of fifteen dollars for his bad marksmanship.



A WHISPER

BY FLORENCE JOSEPHINE BOYCE

"I LOVE you, dear." High in the tree
That spread its sheltering branches near,
A song bird trilled an ecstasy.
"I love you, dear."

The gray mist rose from hill and mere,
But no rain fell for you and me;
And all our sky was bright and clear.

'Tis such a happy thing to see
The sunshine through the clouds appear,
When Some One whispers tenderly,
"I love you, dear."



SUNSET

BY WINFRED CHANDLER

THE artist Day, at morn designed to trace
Upon the earth the heaven's varied hue,
And through clear hours she worked in languid grace
With brush of light and shade, and wash of dew.

But when across the sky had sped the sun,
And in its mocking haste plunged down to rest,
Impatient at her labors half undone,
She flung her tangled colors in the west.

THE TRIBULATIONS OF DON

By Minna Thomas Antrim

FLEET-FOOTED Joy had been Don's constant companion up to his fifth year, when Knowledge came, and, as usual, added Sorrow. Chidings, hushings, and the up-lifted finger he knew not. His laughter was echoed; his questionings were answered. When his Well-Beloved realized her responsive limitations, always there was Keith, Don's ever-ready hearer, to acquaint him with data concerning those things that began increasingly to interest and perplex him. To set forth in its rich entirety Don's joyous life would be impossible: this chronicle deals merely with sundry episodes in the love-sheltered existence of a courtier of five.

Into each eye Don thrust a chubby knuckle. He slipped slowly down the stairs, tiptoeing lest his enemy, that white-aproned, thin-lipped "kwosspatch lady," who guarded his mamma's door, should not know he had been standing without, meditating another prayer for admittance. His pride rose up in arms. He would neber ask to go in, NEBER! He was not wanted. With a gesture of despair he looked upward toward his mother's door; then, as if pursued by a legion of imps, ran across the wide hall, out on the front piazza, then down the steps and away toward the woods. He was going away, that's what he was going to do,—he was going to go far off where nobody wouldn't never see him no more. A big sob of self-pity half choked him, but manfully he swallowed it and ran on. His itinerary he planned as he went. He would never stop until he reached those distant hills, way far kwoss de ribber; 'cept his feet wasn't so little, and he was only "five," he could run faster, he told himself breathlessly; but never mind! it was only "dis mornin'," the day was long, and—suddenly, as if galvanized, Don stopped. A curious shudder ran through him. *Night—dark night!* What would he do 'way off among the hills—alone, 'thout no one there? A ghastly pallor spread over his chubby face. With a whimper of terror he threw himself face down, among the falling leaves. He was afraid, for away over there, where he had been going, the Bogie Man lived. Ellen, his nurse, had told him so: "only the Bogie Man lives there," Ellen

had assured Don, one day when he begged to go there, and he "eats up bad little boys." *To be eaten up!* With a gasp of horror the child rose, and with winged feet ran back again to the house of safety.

For hours Don would sit beside the bassinet watching the tiny morsel of his adoration.

To sit or stand and wait was sufficient bliss for him, for upon the second day of Baby's advent, Don had not only been admitted, but carried in upon Keith's shoulder. Since Keith, his chum, erstwhile neighbor, and hero, had married his beautiful mamma, Don's life had been one continuous festival of good times. Hence the shock of not being admitted to his mother's presence when a strange "sister" was, worked like madness upon his brain. As usual, it was Keith who turned his woe into gladness, and it was his beloved step-father-chum who gathered the forlorn little chap into his loving arms that night, and hushed him to sleep with the promise of an entrée to his mother's domains the following day.

The event transpired. When Don's eyes first rested upon the tiny creature beside his mother, his first awed query was,—

"Is 'AT MY BABY SISTER?"

His fat forefinger pointed to a bundle. Being assured, he looked long and earnestly at his new relative, then, without a word, disposed his small self, cross legged, upon the floor beside the crib, his fascinated gaze never wavering.

Suddenly the baby made a wholly unexpected yet vigorous cry. Thereupon up sprang Don, his small face a picture of terror. Being told that the little one could not hurt him, he resumed his humble seat, and day after day came back to offer up mute adoration.

"Keith," said Don, thoughtfully, one day, "does it hurt a little boy to get his nose out o' joint?"

The boy's step-father turned his face away. To laugh inopportunely was to offend Don, and rather than do so the owner of The Cedars would sacrifice much.

"To get his nose out of joint?" he repeated; "I guess not much. Why, Kiddy?"

"'Cause sister's goin' to put Don's nose out o' joint. John, he telled Ellen 'at baby would do it—sure!"

With a hearty laugh, Keith Kennedy caught the little questioner up and put him upon his shoulder.

"Don't you bother about your nose, old man," he said. "John better attend to his car; he talks too much."

"Course," said Don sturdily, ignoring Keith's remark, "if sister hurted my nose, I wouldn't be kwoss; she's only but little; I'm big." He threw out his chest proudly.

"Yes," said Keith, tenderly, "but she is only little. You are almost a man."

"Almost," said the child gravely, "as big as—you?"

"Low bridge," warned Keith, dipping his head, for they were entering the dining-room. These days Don and he ate together happily.

"It don't hurt, mamma, 'cept when you touch it," said Don, winking very hard. His mother lifted him up onto her lap. His infinitesimal kilt was mud-stained and torn, his left eye blackened, and a bloody scratch measured the full length of one of his cheeks. Ellen had just fetched him from the Kindergarten, where she had arrived in time to see her charge and his enemy conducting a battle royal.

In answer to maternal inquiries, Don explained. This, however, after his mother had silently bathed his bruises and plastered his wounds.

"He said that his—baby—sister was as nice as—ours, an'——"

"You struck him," said his mother, reproachfully.

"No, not then, I didn't; not 'til he said 'at baby wasn't my really truly sister, an' 'at Keith wasn't my really truly farver," sobbed Don, his sore heart swelling within him all over again recalling the unbearable taunts of his foe.

"Then," repeated his mother, "Don struck him?"

"Yes, muvver," answered Don, sitting up straight. "I hurted him wis my two fists, hard as—hard as——"

"And then," interrupted Mrs. Kennedy, "he hurt my poor little son?"

"He knocked poor Mr. Don down, mum, and thumped his pretty head against the floor," exclaimed Ellen, who was the boy's genuine adorer. "But," continued she, vindictively, "I gave the creature a cuff that made his dirty ears burn, I'll warrant. Wait till I ketch him again."

The battered warrior lay quietly against his mother's breast, his smarting eyes closed. Finally, assured that the belligerent Ellen had departed, he opened them suddenly.

"Mamma," questioned he, a world of anxiety in his tone, "baby is my really, truly sister, ain't she?"

"Yes, darling," said his mother, comfortingly.

"And Keith," continued Don; "isn't Keith my really truly——"

Mrs. Kennedy kissed the sensitive mouth pityingly before it could finish the question.

"Don and sister are Keith's really, truly treasures," she said,

tenderly. Whereupon, over the bruised little face came a smile of perfect content.

"Don's so glad," he said, nestling closer. "If Keith and baby wasn't——"

"Wasn't what, Midget?" asked Keith cheerily, the while flashing his wife a glance of inquiry. "Keith's going out in the car, Kiddy; run get your cap," he said. While the boy obeyed, his mother explained Don's Waterloo.

"Dear little chap!" said Keith, feelingly. "Dear loyal little Don, would to God I was his 'really, truly' father." Did the beautiful face that looked into his own echo his wish, he wondered.

Upon a certain Sunday morning, Don, having arrived at the goodly age of five, was permitted to accompany his mother to church, Keith for once resigning his duties in favor of his chum.

Ere the boy left, his step-father put a new dime into his chubby hand.

"What's it for?" asked Don excitedly.

"For God," said Keith gently. "You are going to His house."

"All wight!" said the little fellow happily. "Don'll div it to Dod."

During the services nothing escaped the child's unaccustomed eyes. To the best of his small ability, he imitated his elders. When the rector, Mr. Lamb, whom he knew well, came out of the vestry gowned in white, the boy's eyes grew round with amazement, but having been admonished not to talk, he kept silent. His secret conviction, however, was, that Mr. Lamb erred upon the side of delicacy. Nighties worn in public seemed very bad form to Don—indeed, his round little cheeks flushed with vicarious embarrassment.

He soon forgot Mr. Lamb's indiscretion, however, in his desire to recognize God. He wondered where the Good Man sat! "P'r'aps He would come and sit 'side him." Don moved up closer toward his mother to make room—in case.

The service proceeded to its close. Soon Don and his mother were out in the sunshine homeward bent.

The child was very thoughtful during the walk home. His mother, seeing his mood, asked no questions.

Keith was waiting for them at the gate. Silently the little fellow fumbled in the pocket of his kilt.

"Here," he said, handing his step-father the dime with which he had been entrusted. "Don bringed it back; Don looked, an' looked, but Dod wasn't dere."

His parents flashed a look into each other's eyes; then, with a cheery "Up, Don," Keith had the small church-goer astride his shoulder.

"Put the dime in your bank, Kiddy," he whispered, paternally.

It was a day later. The child and Keith, after a long tramp after chestnuts, were sitting close together upon the wide steps of the piazza. In the west the sun was bidding its worshippers Good-night in a blaze of glory. Chin in hand the child sat meditating. Already the mysteries of the world overwhelmed him. There were so many things he wanted to know, but his mamma had cautioned him that it was not polite to bother people with too many questions. Don was a gentleman; the idea of "bothering" even his dear comrade filled him with sorrow; but—oh he did so want to know 'bout things. Keith knew. Keith always knew everything. Looking down into the troubled little face that he could read so well, the man broke silence.

"Speak up, Kiddy, what is it?"

"Would *free* questions be too much bodder?" he asked, anxiously, the while permitting his step-father to draw him closer. The October air was a trifle keen.

"Not a bit of it. What does Don want to know?"

The child's eyes turned toward the setting sun.

"Dod," he said softly. "Where is Dod—*now*?"

Keith caught his breath perplexedly.

"There," he finally answered, pointing toward the western radiance.

"Was Dod sick 'at he didn't come to His house yesterday?"

"God was at His house, Kiddy," said Keith gravely.

The child's brown eyes opened wider.

"Dod was?" he repeated, staring hard at his friend; "'at's funny! Don looked, an' looked, an' looked. 'Cept Mr. Lamb 'at talked, Don didn't see nobody. Dod has *awful big eyes* 'at can see everyting little boys do, Ellen says. There wasn't no gentleman there 'at had awful big eyes."

The man began to fidget. "Look, Kiddy, look! there's a squirrel," he shouted. The squirrel having been admired warmly, Don returned to his queries.

"Where's de bad place?" he demanded.

"Who's been talking to you about a bad place?" frowned Keith. The idea of this hypersensitive child having a foreknowledge of the wrath to come angered him. The child looked about rather nervously.

"Ellen; she telled me 'at when little boys don't be good an' mind

everysing 'at big folks say, they go to de bad place an' be burned up in the ebber-blastin' fire."

"Little children never go to the bad place. There is no fire that burns up little children. Do you understand, Kiddy? Always ask mamma and Keith about such things. Ellen is a stupid girl; she don't know."

The child gave a gasp of relief. "Don's so glad," he breathed.

"Where's Dod's stepladders?" he asked abruptly, after another pause spent in cuddling.

"His what?"

"Dod's stepladders, 'at folks go up on?" explained the inquisitor.

"Dinner is served, sir," announced a servant.

"Most opportunely," muttered Keith, giving his hand to the child.

One day about a month before he was six, a shadow of vast proportions darkened Don's face. He knew the worst. He was to be sent away to college when he grew big. Keith said so. To go to college meant to leave his baby sister, to depart from whom presaged woe unspeakable. He had overheard his doom. Well, he would do his best not to grow. No more crusts would he eat, lest he flourish physically.

"Eat your crusts," the thrifty Ellen had ever admonished, "and you will grow big."

Daily he stood under the lead-pencil mark that Keith had once made upon the wall to mark his inches. A-tremble always lest he find his head overtopping the line. To be big! how eagerly he had looked forward to reaching even Keith's shoulder. Now—if he could have stunted his growth, for love of his baby sister, he would have done so, even at the cost of suffering.

The day upon which Don was six, he arose early. Down to the garage he ran. Old John he knew would be there. He was, and whistling as usual. Don, being of an observing mind, had noticed that most "big people" like Keith were married. Since he must grow big, he had determined like the Fairy Prince to marry and be happy ever afterward,—in fact, his bride had long since been decided upon. He would go to college, since Keith wished it, but the very day he came home he would marry. 'This he had risen early especially to confide to his old ally John.

"And who, Mr. Don, would ye be marryin'?" asked the old fellow, with fitting solemnity.

"My sister, of course," replied Don, loftily. (How stupid of John not to know!)

Whereupon, long and loudly laughed the chauffeur, to Don's infinite annoyance.

"Don't ye know, Mr. Don, that a young gentleman can't be after marrying his own sister?" asked he.

With the immense courage of loving conviction, Don fought long and valiantly against such an absurd prejudice, but finally beaten at very point by his argumentative opponent, disgruntled and crestfallen he entered the breakfast-room.



SPERRIT CHILLUN

BY WILHELMINA F. PRUITT

DAR'S a laffin' en a chaffin'
In de co'n;
Dar's a ru'sle en a bus'le
Night en mo'n;

En a cur'ous sort o' feelin,
Dat some rompin' chillun's stealin'
Thoo de co'nfiel' yere en dar—
Sperrit chillun uv de a'r!
Yearly mo'nin's, wi'le a hoein',
W'en de So'th win' comes a blowin',
I mos' sees dem chillun slippin'
Thoo de ribbins, green en dippin'—
Sees dare misty gharments trailin'
Oveh yander, heers um hailin'
Ez dey dodge aroun' en run,
Full er frolic en er fun!

Oh dar's laffin' en dar's chaffin'
In de co'n!
Dar's a rus'le en a bus'le
Night en mo'n!

En hit's mo'n lazy fanc'in'
Dat a joyful sump'n's dancin',
Noddin' yaller plumes 'n prancin'—,
In de co'n!



A man's bankruptcy is not always due to his love of wet goods, —perhaps his wife had an excessive love for dry goods.

CURRENT MISCONCEPTIONS OF THE PHILIPPINES

By Willard French

SEVERAL claim the authorship of the statement that the Philippines are "A magnificent rosary of glorious islands that Nature has hung above the heaving bosom of the warm Pacific," but the pretty things are at present tangled in a sad assortment of misconceptions.

It is not wholly the fault of the foreigner. Nature herself is erratic. Of simply the approach to the Philippines, two people might easily tell very different tales. To picture my last coming to the islands, for example, a pen must wind a wild tornado about with words and imprison a typhoon in paragraphs. One of the strongest twin-screw steamers of the Pacific fought four hours in the Straits of San Bernardino, where the island of Samar stretches northward till it almost touches finger-tips of jagged rock with Luzon reaching south. In the raging tempest only half-submerged ledges, chewing the sea white, could be seen through gray-blue, furiously-drifting mist. The engines groaned; the steamer creaked and strained and in the four hours made a little over half a mile.

Another time the same spot was flooded with such glorious tropical sunshine as eyes seldom see. The steamer glided over an incomparable inland ocean, gleaming and scintillating like cut-glass, narrowing between soft, sweet finger-tips of palm-fringed points in laughing ripples, sparkling against white beach-lines dappled with brown nipa villages playing hide and seek among the twisted trunks of slender palms, backed by higher and higher masses of eternal green, till grand Myone, the Venus of volcanoes, cut the clear blue in a needle point, from which a slender thread of silver smoke stole straight upward till it unravelled and untwisted and was lost in light.

It is only a hint of the beyond. The best-intentioned, trying to tell the whole truth and nothing else, could not fail of conveying many misconceptions; and not every one does it with the best intentions, either of knowing for himself or conveying to others the whole

and nothing but the truth. After traversing the length and breadth of the islands I feel sure only of this; there are few places on earth where one can hear so much and learn so little that is reliable.

There are honest misconceptions innumerable. There are opinions prejudiced through trying to arrive where one wants to arrive; delusions of mental dyspepsia, from failure to digest—in time and quantity—the fortunes anticipated; discolorations by contrasts drawn between dreams and reality by new ones in the Orient,—besides the tales of travellers who have only sat upon a rock on the coast and written of the interior from a spadeful of dirt brought down to them. All of these, at least, have in them inclinations toward the truth; shadowy somethings, often fetched from far, adulterating the misconceptions with a tincture of integrity. And then there are others. A republic is not the most convenient form of government for exotic aggrandizement; everything falls so easily into political issues, and political issues so easily beget misconceptions.

At the best the conditions are bad for quick and clear comprehension. The islands contain the most incongruous conglomeration to be found on earth. From the brown, head-hunting Igorrotes, with their hairless faces and their long-haired heads, through the land of laughing waters where there is everything between the purring pine and lilting fern tree, to the sinister, ebony Moro of Mindanao and Jolo, they differ among themselves in color and custom, in language and theories of life and after-life, as materially as they differ from us. It is a mistake to speak of them collectively and apply to all what applies to one.



In conversation with Secretary Taft, before my last visit to the Philippines, he combined the people in the only quality where they stand on common ground when he said, "They are distinctly childish, whimsically, often unreasonably childish, sometimes obstinately childish." It is the result of superficial Christianity and partial subjugation, through three hundred years of Spanish dominion, upon a groundwork of Oriental barbarism. The native of the East, especially under the influence of Latin races, becomes secretive, hiding his own opinions and apparently agreeing with any one whom he must consider a superior, a tendency which has caused many misconceptions in Anglo-Saxon minds. More began with our merchants and soldiers, in the early days when the little brown men were fighting for a cause of which they only knew what a few interested leaders told them. They did it with a courage demanding admiration, but by methods of their own which seemed to us infringements upon the dogmas of the Hague. We began by considering every Filipino a treacherous enemy,

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and continue treating them so to this day. By instinct and interest a large class of Americans are opposed to every effort establishing and defending the rights of the natives and are eager to create and indorse conceptions of their unworthiness; while the Filipino has also had opportunities, and may have profited by them, to form opinions of Americans from the drunken, truculent loafers who infest the coast towns, living on the labor of native women; or they may have gauged our standards of honesty by the humiliating list of official and unofficial defaulters, among Americans on the islands, and the times they have been cheated by our countrymen.

The common disappointments always in store for new-comers who have dreamed of the tropics as flowing with milk and honey, account for many such articles as the one recently published in which a lady, after her first week in Manila, wrote, "A land of fruit and flowers? Well, there is American fruit on the inside of cans, and there are flowers on the labels." For Beauty roses do not grow wild in the streets of Manila, and even in the tropics fruits have their favorite seasons, just as strawberries do not ripen all summer long in New England.

Even those who speak from personal experience and of small sections find it difficult to be correct. Two men from Jolo sat opposite me on a little steamer coming up the coast. They made the assertion that at four each afternoon all Moros were ordered out of the city and could not return till the next morning, and that no white man dared go a rod beyond the gates, unarmed, even in broad day. I had just come from Jolo, where for a short time I had been a guest at the Governor's palace. Jolo is the smallest walled city in the world, a dear little bird's-nest with many beauty-spots, but so small that one could hardly walk without getting outside the gates. There were interesting villages along the coast, and I had been to all of them, as my camera testified, while the most of a weapon I possessed was a pearl-handled penknife. Fanatic Moros are a menace when they run amuck—so are crazy Americans, but, knowing nothing of the direful state of things recounted, I should have denied the statements had it not been two to one. I was glad that I restrained myself when I learned later, a thousand miles away, that the facts were as they stated them, in spite of my personal experience.

A distinguished officer once complained to me, "Why, these fellows do not even know enough to die when they are killed." It is quite true. I saw it illustrated in Mindanao. Two Moros crept up to a picket guard one night, hoping to be the richer by a couple of rifles and ammunition when they went away. They found two wide-awake Americans on guard and received only the balls from their rifles. At

daybreak the two soldiers ventured out to learn the effect of their shooting. The Moros lay apparently dead, but, as one showed only a shattered right shoulder, the sentry fired again, putting a ball through his body. It roused him and he sat up. The soldier had but four more cartridges in his magazine. He emptied them into the Moro, who, by that time, was drawing his bolo with his left hand. Most of the natives are as much left-handed as right—many of them more so. Clubbing his rifle the sentry stepped back for a blow, stumbled, fell, and before his companion could rescue him he had lost his left hand and received two savage slashes in his thigh.

Then there was Hasan—with a lot of other names—a bad, bold Moro whom General Wood captured. He turned him over to Major Scott, with injunctions to be kind to him. In trying to obey, Scott received a bullet wound in each hand, and Hasan had to be captured all over again. He was finally shot the twenty-seventh time before he grasped the situation and died.



Malaria, too, exerts strong influence over conceptions of the Philippines. General Franklin Bell was one of the most determined advocates of the Filipino till the invidious microbe left a mosquito to play the mischief with his blood-corpuscles. Even when his favorite servant was caught sending a letter to the insurgents, not only betraying everything he knew but calling the General names not at all complimentary, he simply summoned the servant, read him an English translation of the letter, and remarked, "See here, boy. You ought not to write letters like this. Some day you'll be caught writing about some one who will get mad and kick you out." When he was down with malaria, General Bell spent weeks berating himself that he had not had the fellow shot and all the rest of the Filipinos with him.

Those who would profit by Chinese labor try to prove that the Filipino cannot work. This condition is natural to the tropics. Muscles relax where nature provides. Yet the statement is false and only survives through strenuous cultivation. There are about ten thousand natives to-day employed on public works alone, by contractors who understand the art of profitable construction. Several of the leading employers told me that they could get as much for their money from Filipinos, if properly handled, as from any class they could employ. They can work. By instinct and Spanish example the upper classes are as opposed to work as are the same classes in other lands; but this only emphasizes the fact that the sons of these first families apply—three hundred and more last year—for instruction in

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the Manila School of Arts and Trades. It confuses conceptions to go through that school and watch the boys who are sweating away in the metal and wood-working departments, at machine practice, plumbing, carpentering, and steam and electric engineering, and delving in architecture, stenography, telegraphy, and typewriting.

The recent visit of the Sultan Hadji Mahamad to the Governor-General, in his eighteen-hundred-dollar costume, his little secretary in red upholstery, and his yellow-turbaned guards, disclosed another misconception. When we made a treaty with the old Sultan we thought ourselves in luck, notwithstanding hard comments from homeland—with its record of sixty thousand divorces a year—that the Sultan was allowed to retain his surplus wives; but we find they are not the high officials we thought them. They are the head of the church and their bodies are sacred. No Moro would pin-scratch the skin of a Sultan; but their word is only law when they have the means at hand to enforce it. While I was in Jolo a bold Moro datto descended upon the Sultan's very own and carried off a lot of his best carabao.

So much is made of exceptions that those who do not know come easily to consider them the rule. Every one who sees Manila first in the rainy season quickly sends back impressions that it is a foul Venice, only half submerged; for the city lies low and the Passig runs high, and the bay piles up when the wind is strong and the tide right; and when they all combine and a tropical rain lends a hand, why things that can will float. There was one such time last summer and it was worth seeing. The day after the storm I rode down the Escolta, the narrow, twisting, shopping street of high prices, the lowest ground in the city. My feet were on the seat, for the water was over the carromata floor and my stubby little pony was in it to his shoulder-blades—but he liked it. In reality there is much more dust and sunshine than rain and mud.



Funny people say that the Ten Commandments are reduced to three in the Philippines: Don't drink water!—typhoid. Don't eat fruit!—dysentery. Don't sleep without a mosquito-bar!—malaria. They are timely words of warning for stupid gourmands anywhere in summer time, and new ones in the tropics are very apt to be stupid about some things and gourmands about many things.

Then the apparent immodesty—"Shocking immorality!" I have seen it called in print—receives many early comments, which draw to the Philippines a certain class who apparently have no other end in view than to teach the Filipinos what immorality really is. Other-

wise they do not know. It is the truth. They do not know. Hundreds of thousands of Luzon farmers wear only the G string and pad and the women low-hip and high-knee skirts. When working in rice-field mud, very often from nothing they take off even that they have. But they possess innate modesty in better quality and quantity than can be found in some other parts of the world. We were stopping for the night in a village where few white men had been seen and created considerable interest. In a spirit of mischief, nothing more, one of the party tied his handkerchief about the waist of a naked little Moro girl. She was so frightened and ashamed that she ran away and hid and nothing would induce her to show herself again.

A prolific source of misconceptions lies in the earnest sympathy of some who wish the best for the natives. In Mindanao I once met a most devout and interesting young American missionary—a clergyman, at least—who was self-sacrificingly sincere in his efforts to redeem an obscure little coast-cluster of natives. We sat together through a long, glorious afternoon and far into a magnificent moonlight night, out-looking, through coco palms and bananas, over that incomparable inland sea. The climate of Mindanao, by the way, is absolutely superb. We were talking of the natives from his viewpoint—and God forbid that I suggest that what he said was not fresh from the fountain-head of honesty. Misconceptions had hardened his heart against the administration, both on account of its treatment of the natives and for its discrimination against the whites. He was curiously mixed in his antagonisms, from the fact that on one side he had been trying for a friend to locate some American capital advantageously in Mindanao, while on the other hand he was missionarying it. Had he not been so earnest, withal, it would have been amusing to set one side of him against the other side and watch the two fight it out. He assured me that he had sent home for publication effective papers portraying the whole business. He cited the wrongs of the people with instances that roused my indignation. Among them I remember: each little farmer owning a carabao, the great blue buffalo which is the one vital necessity to all farming there, must pay a tax upon the same; that each poor family owning a miserable dug-out, called a banca—without which he could neither go himself nor transport his produce anywhere, as everything is on the coast and all the ways are water-ways—must pay a tax therefor; that the wretched creatures, only a step from starvation all the time, hardly seeing money often enough to know its nature, must pay a poll-tax to support their foreign oppressors. I have since read these same statements in inflammatory circulars and pamphlets from America.

A week or more later I was dining with General Wood—who was then Governor of Mindanao—at his beautiful tropical home between

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the old Spanish fort and the Army and Navy Club, with the parade-ground on one side and the scintillating sea which almost circles Zamboanga on the other. We were sitting in the moonlight on the lawn where it touches the water, watching the flaming torches of the natives as, two and two, they wandered, waist deep, one swinging the torch, the other holding his spear for fish. I repeated the statements made by the missionary. General Wood smiled and said:

"There is truth in what he told you. It is often hard even for an owner to tell one carabao from another. It makes them, like chickens in the South, an active suggestion for illicit appropriation. We have no end of calls from natives to go out and hunt up stolen carabao or adjust fraudulent claims to ownership. If the owners cannot prove property, how could we? We fell back on a useful Spanish method, and for any owner who wishes it we brand his animals, giving him an identifying document, which is transferred with the creature, when he sells it, as proof of ownership, or brought to us if the creature is stolen, when we do what we can to recover it. We make one final charge of a half dollar for this, but it often costs us considerably more.

"About the bancas, the only ones that are ever taxed are those whose owners want to do a freighting business for profit, and have protection and wharf privileges free. We register those boats and they pay a small fee for the license, which is another loss to the government, as it fails to cover the first expenses.

"The poll-tax is an old Spanish design for identification of the men themselves. Not one in a hundred pays it. It is only required when a man—whether native or foreigner—wants to sign some legal document for record or derive some of the benefits of registration, in which case he presumably has the means and can afford to pay the small fee required for identification papers. It does not pay the cost to the government."



Speaking of General Wood and misconceptions reminds me of many things said in the United States and more in the Philippines, by disaffected ones, concerning his appointment and promotion. I have asked a score among the most prominent of both official and civilian grumblers, right in the Philippines, where they see and know, whether, as a fact, they believed that a better man could have been found, or the position better filled than by General Wood, and without a single exception they have answered "No."

Tales of adventure and personal valor are pleasant to tell and scare headlines top a column well. By these and other means much

is made of the danger, still, of venturing into the interior. Where insurgents are on the rampage, one who has no business there "had better keep away," either in Chicago or the Philippines; but, personally, I have never been able to believe worse of the brownies than that, being so small and ineffective, when motives of illicit aggrandizement control them—as they sometimes control men even in New York—they usually try to kill the victim first and rob him afterward, like the sensible little people that they are.

Their intense desire for education has enrolled nearly three hundred thousand children in the public schools. The vein of humor underlying every dark skin is antagonistic to radical evil. The eagerness with which they are absorbing and utilizing American innovations promises better than is prognosticated by alarmists. But the prejudiced have a strong hand and reach into high places. Personally I have too often found them kind and, after their methods, refined and hospitable—and never any other way—to accept the assertions of their bitter animosity. I was walking on a country road with Aguielera, one of the rather prominent ex-insurrectionists of Batangas. Our carromata had broken down, and while waiting for it to be repaired we were wandering on, when it began to rain in tropical torrents. We hurried toward a nipa farm-house up on stilts. Climbing the ladder I noticed the beautifully polished floor, a white-haired grandmother and two or three women and children sitting upon it or trotting about, in their bare feet, preparing a place for me to sit on a bamboo bed-frame. Thinking of my muddy boots and dripping clothes, I retreated, saying I would wait under shelter of the porch. The old mother called and a man appeared, his feet and legs loaded with mud, from the rice patch. He hurried up the ladder, stopped in the centre of the room, stamped his feet and begged me come in, assuring me that I could not make the floor worse than it was. I wondered what American farmer's wife would have carried hospitality to such courtesy. It was in the very heart of Batangas, still a hot-bed of insurrection.

World without end one could wander through misconceptions of the Philippines, picking them up anywhere along the pathetically picturesque rosary. The disaffected may be right in denouncing the policy of the administration,—“The Philippines for the Filipinos.” Alarmists may be right that we are educating a head and arm to strengthen some time the hand of the Yellow Peril. All sorts of such things may be true; or it may be that in spite of ourselves, as we must appear to them, there is growing in the Philippines, on the common ground of education, an ounce of prevention that will be better than a pound of cure.

Misconceptions will not help the matter. “Charity suffereth long and is kind.”

SYLVIA AND THE SUBWAY

By William Hamilton Osborne

I T was a local; therefore I strolled into the last car. I do this, as a rule, because the locals, which have to stop so often, are always in a hurry; and if a local runs into the rear end of an express, there's bound to be trouble. On an express, which doesn't have to stop at all and can take its time, I reverse the process. Besides, there was no one there, except, of course, the girl. If you are going to be safe in a rear car, it's just as well to be safe with a girl along. The instant I saw her, I swung along with that shoulder stride that usually does the business. Then I started.

"Great Scott!" I ventured, taking off my hat; "I didn't know it was *you*, or I wouldn't have It didn't look like you. It looked like somebody pleasing, and gentle, and kind, and——"

Sylvia—for it was she—eyed me coldly. "I came in here," she continued, stiffly, "to avoid a railroad collision. Here I am involved in a social one." She reflected for an instant. "I didn't know *you*, either," she went on; "your head was turned so that I couldn't see your face, and under those circumstances you seemed so sort of—handsome. I thought," she added, "that you were Major Walcott."

"Major Walcott!" I snorted, for it must be understood that at one time Sylvia and I—but that's another story. I stopped. I was plainly, visibly embarrassed. This was fiendish, this shoving of another man under my nose.

I looked Sylvia over from top to toe. My mind fastened itself, unconventionally, upon one thing. "You have new shoes," I remarked, "*old style, with military heels* This *here* Major Walcott, now. Is he a military man?"

"Cupid," returned Sylvia.

"Cupid," I gasped, in turn.

"Cuban," she returned, scornfully; "I said *Cuban*."

"Is he?" I answered; "black or—er—tan?"

"The *heels*," persisted Sylvia, "I said the *heels*."

I thought of something neat to say. "It's well to be off with the auld shoon," I suggested, "before you're on with the new. There's another couplet goes with that verse. Do you want to hear it?"

Sylvia has a sort of glance, as they say in fiction, that really means, Stop. I stopped; we all stopped; the car stopped.

"Fickle Sylvia," said the guard, sticking in his head.

"W—what?" gasped Sylvia.

"It's Sixty-sixth Street," I answered; "the guard just uses the old elevated language made over, that's all By the way," I went on, with the train, "I don't like those shoes of yours." My glance grew a trifle tender. "Do you remember," I proceeded, "those pink satin slippers that you used to wear when I——"

"Oh," began Sylvia, genially, "let's talk about old times. Pink slippers? No. It was the pair with the red, white, and blue bows that I wore when you—you came home from the Philippines."

I shivered. "I never came home from the Philippines," I said.

"It was last Fourth of July," she went on.

"I was in Chicago last Fourth of July."

She colored profusely. "Oh," she stammered, with a giggle, specially prepared for the purpose, "it was Major Walcott who came home from the Philippines."

"From Peekskill," I muttered, savagely; "from camp, a harmless, powderless, shotless camp. From a camp made up for bank clerks." I knew a thing or two about Major Walcott.

"Well, if he is a bank clerk," she returned, "he gets a good salary."

"How do *you* know?" I queried. "It is much better," I added, passing that point swiftly, "to be a good real-estate agent making good money and soaking it away."

"Why don't you be one then?" she returned.

"I am a real-estate agent. You know that."

"I know," she said; "but I mean, why don't you be—a *good* one?"

Silence. Then, Sylvia. "That reminds me," she went on; "do you know of any good, inexpensive flats near the subway?"

"Lots of 'em," I answered.

"And," this hesitatingly, "near the—the Twenty-second Armory?"

"I know *one* flat *in* an armory," I savagely retorted; "I know *him* all right." I didn't mention the man's name, for I didn't want to be personal. Sylvia changed her tactics.

"By the way," she continued, "have you ever been—er—best man at a wedding?"

I looked her full in the face. "This is so sudden!" I said. Then I frowned. "What does this all mean?" I queried.

"There are none so blind as those—shall I finish?" queried she, getting a bit even up with me.

The guard looked in. "Fellow citizens," he pleasantly remarked.

"I don't care," I told Sylvia; "I've got a foot loose, and I'm improving my time—studying etymology."

"Don't quite follow you," said she.

"The subway language," I continued, "is worth while. This chap says 'Fellow citizens,' when he means Seventy-second. But he's different from some other people. Poor chap. He *tries* to say what he means. Now, you——"

"I always say what I mean," she answered.

"I thought so too before I studied etymology. But you're mistaken. You say No and mean Yes. Besides, here on the subway, if you don't understand you look out at the sign. Then you know. But with some other people you never know, unless you're past your station."

"Then what do you do?" asked Sylvia.

"Aha," I answered; "do just what I did. Cross over and come back."

I knew she would be changing the subject. I was not wrong.

"Major Walcott and I were saying just last Wednesday evening," she ventured as a feeler, "but—no. We didn't talk about that Wednesday night. Wednesday night we talked about something else. It was Tuesday night that we"

"How many nights," I interrupted politely, and without curiosity, "how many nights a week does Major Walcott come?"

"Well," she answered, "he *never* comes on Friday nights."

"What night was it that *I* used to stay away?" I queried.

She interrupted me with a quick gesture. "Do you suppose," she asked, "that they'll ever employ women guards on the subway trains? If they do, I know one who'll make herself understood. They'd all know that *I* mean what I say. Except, perhaps," she responded coldly, "except just one man—"

"Would he know that you meant what you didn't say?"

"He would *think* many things," she responded, ferociously, "but he would soon find out he was mistaken."

"Poor old Major Walcott!" I sighed.

"He is *not* the mistaken man I had in mind," she said.

"Conversation," I reminded her, reprovingly, "is intellectual in the degree that the generalities exceed the personalities. Let us talk of something else."

"Major Walcott," she began.

"Too personal," I answered.

"Fiddlesticks," announced the ubiquitous guard. At any rate *he* was intellectually impersonal. "To be sure," I said to Sylvia, "this is Ninety-sixth. I know a girl on Ninety-sixth Street. To be sure." I said it gently, tenderly, just like this: Nine—ty-sixth—I—know—a girl. Ya—as. A girl—on Ninety-sixth.

"I know a girl on Ninety-sixth," I repeated. You see, I was whizzing back now on the other track.

"So do I," she returned, "on the west side."

"The one I know lives on the west side," I responded.

"The one I know," she continued, "is Grace Van Auten."

"Will wonders never cease?" I murmured; "that's the very girl I know; her house is the very place where I am wont to call and spend a pleasant, very pleasant, hour—or two."

"I didn't know," she returned, "that you ever called there." I saw that now the track ahead was clear.

"I've called there lots of times," I answered, "since last July." After that we were quits—almost. Neither said a word for a long, long while.

Finally the guard put his head in the door. "All-hallow-twelfth-saint," he ejaculated.

"One Hundred and Thirty-seventh Street," I translated for her, for she, poor girl, had never even learned the "L" language. It appeared that she wanted to alight just at that place, and I—well, I alighted too.

We ascended to the street above. "What time is it?" she inquired.

"It's half past k—," I started in; "it's half past five," I continued, "and time to—to half past five again."

"Time to go home," she said, severely enough. She started off.

"I'll see you home," I told her; "it shall never be said of me that I ever shirked a *duty*—never."

It was just six when she reached home. "I can't go in," I suggested, to forestall the possibility of a cordial invitation. But she didn't bother to ask; she saw, doubtless, that I had anticipated her.

"I must go home myself," I said, still gently refusing that invitation which she had not extended; "I am due at Grace Van Auten's at eight o'clock. I must be on time. I was a trifle late last night—"

"Last night!" returned she. "Do you go there every night?"

I shook my head with a determined air. "I *never* go on Thursdays," I replied.

I was about to start, when I perceived that she was glancing interestedly at a man who was swinging up the street. When he came closer I saw that it was Major Walcott. Under the circumstances I thought that the only decent thing I could do would be to stay there until he swung by. He was almost a block away.

"I—I mustn't keep you," she insisted; "you have been so good—"

It was a dismissal and I went. I didn't give her the satisfaction of looking around to see what was going on; there, indeed, my strength

shone forth. But before I had left her I felt that at least I had been running on record time. For she had said to me, coldly, it is true, but still it was a concession:

"Cannot you come around—some Friday night?"

"Thursday's my only time," I had replied. But she had shaken her head.

"We are at a deadlock," I remarked finally; "can't we settle the differences amicably? Will you consent to the appointment of an arbitrator?—I would suggest Miss Grace Van Auten——"

"She wouldn't do at all," protested Sylvia; "but if you'll consent to Major Walcott——" And then it was that, seeing Major Walcott, she had cut me off in a way that was all her own. Oh, she had ways, had Sylvia.

"The negotiations are at an end," I told her, just to get in the last word; "so I shall strike—for home and Grace Van Auten's."

And in fact there was nothing else to do. But Sylvia and I were not yet through. It was a day or two later that I stepped into another rear car upon the subway.

There sat Sylvia. "You seem to belong in this rear car," she ventured.

I took my place beside her. "Now," I assured her, "I am just where I belong." She did not respond. She looked down at her new shoes instead.

"How," I inquired in an off-hand way, "do your new shoes wear?"

"I don't know," she responded slowly; "I don't believe they suit me as well as they did at first."

I smiled approvingly. "Though I—I'm not so sure——" she added. My smile became much less approving.

I remembered my motto of the former occasion. I determined again that the conversation this time should be strictly general and therefore intellectual.

"The third rail," I began, scientifically, "is the thing that the world demands—the thing that the world must have. Two rails alone will never answer; the third rail is the spice of life. It makes things go—it insures results. You take those two rails and they run side by side, and yet they never accomplish anything; they are lifeless, dead—wofully monotonous. Along comes the third rail and—wakes them up. Gives 'em something to think about, for instance. The third-rail principle may be applied to everything in life. Now, Grace Van Auten——"

"Major Walcott," she returned, meeting me half-way.

"We were talking of the third rail," I interrupted; "now, Grace——"

"Major——," she reiterated. But I shook my head.

"The third rail," I insisted, "Grace Van——"

"Well," retorted Sylvia, in the kind of a murmur which is just unintelligible enough to be just intelligible, "she's just about as thin as one, any way. If that's what you mean."

That settled it. My attempt to force the conversation into the broad channel of generalities was futile. I gave it up. I looked out of the window. We were at the Ninety-sixth station. I rose.

"Oh," she exclaimed, "do you get out here?" She knew as well as I that it was Grace Van Auten's station.

I hastily sat down again. "Mere force of habit," I returned, blandly.

The train pulled out. I was still within it, still sitting in the seat that was next to Sylvia. Suddenly Sylvia uttered an exclamation of alarm.

"Look there—look there," she said.

I looked. Upon the platform there stood two people. They were together. They were engrossed in conversation. One of these was Grace Van Auten; the other, Major Walcott.

Within our car there was a silence too eloquent for words. Sylvia was still gazing out of the window.

"Allow me," I suggested, dolefully, "to offer my sympathy to one who has thus——"

She laughed, but her laugh was forced a bit, I thought. "I was thinking," she answered, "of you——"

"Ah," I gasped, with an attempt at a rapturous sigh, "of—me!"

"And of—your *plight*," she went on, coldly.

Again we relapsed into silence. The guard broke in upon us with a shout. He was once more calling out a station. I heard it. I knew what he had said.

"What was that?" I remarked to Sylvia; "what station may this be? I didn't hear."

She had been gazing absently at the floor. She no longer prodded it with her un pitying umbrella. At my question she turned to me, still with an absent-minded expression upon her face.

"This time," she answered, "why, this time I think it's—Yes."

But that was not what the guard had said. Far from it. He had said "One Hundred and Thirty-seventh Street," as plainly as it is written here.

"This," I told her, "is the real subway language. It's strange too," I went on, as we passed down the aisle, "that for once both you and the guard said just the thing you meant."

She looked at me in a dazed sort of way.

"What—what did I say?" she stammered.

I shook my head. "You have—said it," I replied. Once more we alighted and ascended to the ether above.

It so happened late that afternoon that I stood, for the first time since last july, within the precincts of her home.

"I'm coming in," I had told her. And I went. Once I was there I didn't know what to say. Generalities, personalities, intellectualities—they all deserted me. Finally Sylvia came to the rescue.

"That reminds me," she ventured, without saying what reminded her, "that Grace Van Auten's reception is to-night." She stopped. Then she went on. "Would you like to take me?" she inquired. It was a bold move on Sylvia's part, but it was effective. "With pink slippers," she suggested.

"Would I?" I exclaimed. I was only too delighted.

"What time shall I——?" I added finally.

"Oh," she replied, "not—not in a hansom. Let us take the—the subway. It's so much more fun, you know."

I understood and acquiesced. "The subway *has* a language of its own," I conceded.

I thought for a moment, and then, like a flash, I saw my opportunity.

"In that case, since it is your suggestion," I remarked recklessly, "you must pay the fares. I shall take the toll," I added. And then I—*up* and kissed her.

"That's one," I said,—"*your* fare," I explained. She seemed to comprehend at once.

"And that," I added, kissing her again, "is mine." We stood there for a little while. I was wishing that we might pay over again.

"But, oh," she exclaimed suddenly, "how stupid! We need transfers, of course. Don't forget that."

I forthwith paid for and had transfers issued. On our road—our subway, Sylvia's and mine—that afternoon, we issued ten transfers to each single fare. This took some time.

I looked at my watch. It was half past five.

"Just about the rush hour now," I said. We did a thriving business for a time. For a new concern we were making great progress, so it seemed.

"At half past eight to-night," I said at last.

"And what time is it now?" asked Sylvia.

I *had* to go back. "It's half past kissing time," I cried; "it's time——"

That night, as we came back, Sylvia looked at me.

"How long," she inquired, "have you known that Grace Van Auten and Major Walcott were engaged?"

I grinned. "Just as long as you have, Sylvia," I replied; "for about six months, I guess."

"How many times," she persisted, "have you been inside Grace Van Auten's house?"

"Counting to-night," I confessed, "just twice in the last three years. I'm an awful bad man to call."

"But look here," I suddenly demanded, "how often did Major Walcott come to call on *you*?"

"Major Walcott!" she exclaimed, holding down her head. "I—I never met him before to-night," she said.

When we reached her home, I turned to Sylvia. "I'm coming in," I said, "it's very late, but—I must come in."

Sylvia looked up into my face and I looked down into Sylvia's. And Sylvia smiled.

"What time is it?" she asked.

And I never even looked to see the time. I didn't have to. Sylvia and I—we knew what time it was.

For down on the subway the ticket men were selling tickets to the crush that came from the theatres. And we knew it, Sylvia and I.



FOR A COPY OF POE'S POEMS

BY EDWIN ARLINGTON ROBINSON

LIKE a wild stranger out of wizard-land
He dwelt a little with us, and withdrew;
Bleak and unblossomed were the ways he knew,
Dark was the glass through which his fine eye scanned
Life's hard perplexities; and frail his hand,
Groping in utter night for pleasure's clue.
These wonder-songs, fantastically few,
He left us . . . but we cannot understand.

Lone voices calling for a dimmed ideal
Mix with the varied music of the years
And take their place with sorrows gone before:
Some are wide yearnings ringing with a real
And royal hopelessness, some are thin tears,
Some are the ghosts of dreams, and one—Lenore.

MISS LUCY AND THE SIMPLE LIFE

By Lucy Copinger

The fourth of the "Miss Lucy" Stories—A series of humorous child sketches, each complete in itself.

“TO open the eyes and the hearts of her young charges to the glories of Nature, to reveal to them the wonders of the world beautiful—this indeed is the blessed privilege of the teacher.” Thus rashly, the enthusiastic Miss Lucy at a Teachers’ Meeting. The Principal, caught by the æsthetic inversion of adjectives, beamed approval upon her and the next day he came into Room 20 with an invitation for Miss Lucy. It was from the Playground Association, and in it Miss Lucy was offered the use of the Park Playground for an afternoon. At this announcement, “How nice,” Miss Lucy gushed with hypocritical fervor, “and how kind of you to get it for me.”

This was how it came about that the next day,—the end of June and the last day of school,—Miss Lucy, feeling like the Matron of the Home for Friendless Waifs, found herself walking at the head of a two-by-two line thirty deep. It was Class A in search of the wonders of the world beautiful.

In accordance with an iron rule of the Board each child had been required to bring six cents for his carfare. Bum O’Reilly, however, had appeared with only four and a letter from his mother addressed to “Missis Loosy teecher” in which the sad “sirkumstanzes off Mrs. O’Reilly” were set forth. However, her man was described as having his eye on something, and “Missis Loosy was the darlin of her James and would she lend him the other two cents.”

As for Frederick William, he had brought the six cents but they had been carefully hidden away in his pocket by a shrewd mother and were only to be used in extremity.

In the vernacular of Bum O’Reilly, Class A had on its glad rags. There was one boy who had even washed his ears. Bum himself in spite of the warm weather wore his Sunday pants of red plush and cut from an old chair cover. Frederick William was just as clean and a little shinier than usual, and he had on his best stockings, upon which shone strange zebra-like stripings. Sophie Bauer-

schmidt wore her sister's beads. At the end of the line straggled Anna Karenina with her mother's pink chiffon veil around her neck and in her heart a gloomy satisfaction in not having washed her face.

In spite of her dirtiness that day had seen a great moral upheaval in Anna. She was going to be good. Vainly Miss Lucy had struggled for this regeneration. The only response had been a perverse wickedness. That dinnertime, however, in splendid rivalry of Sophie's beads she had stolen her mother's veil. She had tied it around her neck, and as Anna was as truly feminine a creature of clothes as Miss Lucy herself, instantly there had come over her an overwhelming sense of the goodness of beauty and the beauty of goodness. When she had tied back her greasy forelock of hair with her blue garter, her conversion was complete, for that was the way Marie Schaefer wore her hair and Anna was going to be even as good as Marie.

This new morality of Anna's—though the mere matter of a dirty chiffon veil—had brought her safely through the journey to the Park. At the cars frantic cries for "Miz Luzy" were heard, but it was found to be Sophie and not Anna who had stopped to make faces at an envious neighbor and had been so nearly left behind.

The Playgrounds were a half hour's walk from the gate—a walk that was taken by Class A in a stolid silence very disappointing to Miss Lucy. For in all the slum stories that she had ever read the little children never failed to clasp their hands, even to burst into tears, at the mere mention of sky. Miss Lucy duly pointed out the wonders of the world beautiful, but her remarks were met with the same bored politeness that always greeted the Nature Talks of Room 20. To them a primrose by the river's brim—unless there was a Keep Off sign to make it an object of plunder—a simple primrose was and nothing more. From which it may be seen that the complexities of cosmopolitan existence had somewhat blunted the aesthetic sense of Class A.

At last the Playgrounds were reached, a pleasant and sheltered stretch of lawn guarded by a fat policeman. There one found many see-saws and a big sand-heap. In one corner there was also a pile of rafia and Miss Lucy, seeing, thought with a guilty helplessness of the Rafia Meeting that she had hooked to go to a matinee.

However, the children amused themselves unassisted until Bum O'Reilly fell off a see-saw. When Miss Lucy and the fat policeman ran to his rescue, "Gee," he remarked with Celtic cheerfulness, "if I aint bust me Sunday pants." At which Miss Lucy and the fat policeman blushed.

After Bum had been repaired with numerous safety-pins Miss Lucy called the children together and distributed some sandwiches

that she had brought. In the silence that fell upon the eating children she heard the reverent tones of Sophie Bauerschmidt.

"It's chicken, ain't it?" she whispered to Anna.

Anna had never tasted chicken but, "Hod air," she whispered back cynically, "thad aindt chiegen. Ids weal."

While the children were eating, Miss Lucy, looking around on the green beauty of grass and tree, thought a little nature talk would not be inappropriate. She selected the grass as her subject.

"Children," she began, in her school-teachery voice, "I am going to talk to you about what we see all about us over the ground—something that you have all been sitting on. Frederick, what?"

"Three ants and some sand," said the exact Frederick William.

"Very good," said Miss Lucy with resignation, "and now let's play some games."

"Little Sally Ann sitting in the sand,
Weeping, crying for her young man,"

was started and went well—all the little girls properly choosing each other until Anna was chosen and she selected Frederick William to be her young man. The unhappy Frederick at once burst into tears and was rescued by Miss Lucy, who suggested Blind Man's Buff. This also was popular and was only stopped by Josef running his nose into a tree.

The great catastrophe occurred during Hi Spy. Marie Schaefer was "it." Miss Lucy, sitting on one of the benches, leaned back and looked dreamily up at the lazy clouds that drifted through the sky like gypsy angels through a blue world—clouds that were neither white nor pink but an elusive primrose echo of both. She had just gotten to the second stanza of a beautiful poem she was composing about it all when she noticed that Marie Schaefer was standing with her hand raised in quite the proper school-child manner.

"Well?" said Miss Lucy impatiently.

"I can't find Anna anywhere," said Marie plaintively, "I have looked everywhere for her and I can't find her. She's gone."

Miss Lucy jumped to her feet with a premonition of disaster.

"Gone!" she echoed wildly.

Then began a search which, as the sun passed behind the trees, became a frantic and vain wandering up and down endless paths—a search in which was enlisted the fat and sympathetic policeman. Anna was indeed gone.

At last when an hour had passed and Miss Lucy had just sunk upon a bench and was beginning a nice comfortable attack of hysterics, she saw the fat policeman coming down one of the paths. In his arms he had a dripping, squirming bundle from which came

thick sobs and a long string that had once been Mrs. Karenina's chiffon veil.

"Oh, Anna," cried Miss Lucy tearfully, "Oh, Anna, where have you been?"

"Id was the chicgen," wailed the unhappy backslider,—"the whide chicgen in the wader. He was so fad und glean und shiny und I liged him und I wanded him und I wand him now." Then—all her new morality buried in the ruins of the chiffon veil—the wretched Anna kicked her fat rescuer viciously on the shins. "I wand him now!" she screamed.

"She fell in the duck-pond," the policeman explained. Then, as he saw the puddle of muddy water that had dripped from Anna's clothes, "You had better take her home, Miss," he said kindly, "she ain't used to it and she'll take cold. I'll carry her down to the gate."

The return to the gate was a rush. To Frederick William it was a confused dream in which his arms were grabbed and held tightly by Miss Lucy and Bum O'Rielly while he moved his fat striped legs obligingly but vainly in the air. He was quite satisfied, however, with the simple life, for while the others were looking for Anna he had eaten five sandwiches. Besides, the six cents was still in his pocket.

At the transfer corner Miss Lucy met the Principal, wild eyed and on his way to the Park. He was in a state of wordy reproachfulness.

"I can't help it," Miss Lucy snapped femininely, "it was all your fault, anyhow. Why did you get me that old invitation! I didn't want it."

Then they waited in mutual sulkiness until the car came. It was crowded with the six-o'clock rush and Miss Lucy, her hair coming down, her hat over her ear, and her dress wet from Anna's clothes, was angrily conscious of many looks of amusement.

Anna, her nose dug into Miss Lucy's arm, had gone sniffingly to sleep and Miss Lucy, as she grudgingly supported her, felt a sudden new bitterness in her heart against this ugly little stumbling-block to all her plans.

"Dirty little thing," she murmured gloomily. Then remembering the interrupted poem, "Ugly little imp!"

At last the school was reached and the other members of Class A having been delivered to anxious relations, Miss Lucy hurried down to the tenement section with Anna. In a nervous tremor at Mrs. Karenina's anticipated wrath she stumbled up the greasy flights that led to Anna's home. Half way up a door was opened and a drunken, blasphemous voice inquired hospitably as to who it was that wanted to get his block knocked off.

In reply to this inquiry Anna swore back cheerfully over the banisters, but Miss Lucy turned pale and sped fearfully up the steps—only to find that Anna's mother was out. She was probably down the river or to a ball.

So Miss Lucy gingerly undressed Anna, hung her clothes over an improvised line, rubbed her dry with the dish towel, and, as her wardrobe was limited to one set, wrapped her in the sheet and left her already asleep on the unspeakable mattress where the six other Kareninas usually reposed.

A little later she opened the door and for a moment she looked remorsefully at the sleeping Anna. Then she felt a sudden smart in her eyes.

"Poor thing," she said angrily, "poor ugly little thing! She might never have come home at all, and her dreadful mother would not have cared. She would have been glad."

Then she shut the door carefully and started to grope her way down the stairs.

Half way down she made a wrong turn and fell down several steps. She made quite a noise over it and the owner of the blasphemous voice opened his door and threw a chair-leg at her. It was then that Miss Lucy decided that the wonders of the world beautiful were not worth while.

In a panic she flew up the narrow street where dirty little children, ghastly in the electric light, played and fought and cursed. With her eyes still open for chair-legs she at last reached the street of her own protecting home and people. As she ran thankfully up the steps, "Don't say blessed privilege of the teacher to me" said Miss Lucy wearily.



FANCIES

A graft is the other man's pull.

Some people are too busy being good, to be kind.

There is no sense in giving the devil his due—he'll get it anyway.

Riches have wings, but most of us never get a chance to fly with them.

There's a lot in moods and tenses—Love's but a mood and heaven is merely a future perfect.

Burton Braley

IN THE FOOTSTEPS OF KATY

By Eleanor H. Porter

ONLY Alma had lived—Alma, the last-born. The other five, one after another, had slipped from loving, clinging arms into the great Silence, leaving worse than a silence behind them; and neither Nathan Kelsey nor his wife, Mary, could have told you which hurt the most,—the saying of a last good-bye to a stalwart, grown lad of twenty, or the folding of tiny, waxen hands over a heart that had not counted a year of beating. Yet both had fallen to their lot.

As for Alma—Alma carried in her dainty self all the love, hopes, tenderness, ambitions, and prayers that otherwise would have been bestowed upon six. And Alma was coming home.

"Mary," said Nathan one June evening, as he and his wife sat on the back porch, "I saw Jim Hopkins ter-day. Katy's got home."

"Hm-m,"—the low rocker swayed gently to and fro,—"Katy's been ter college, same as Alma, ye know."

"Yes; an'—an' that's what Jim was talkin' 'bout. He was feelin' bad—powerful bad."

"Bad!"—the rocker stopped abruptly. "Why, Nathan!"

"Yes; he—" there was a pause, then the words came with the rush of desperation. "He said home wa'n't like home no more. That Katy was good as gold, an' they was proud of her; but she was turrible upsettin'. Jim has ter rig up nights now ter eat supper—put on his coat an' a b'iled collar; an' he says he's got so he don't da'st ter open his head. They're all so, too—Mis' Hopkins, an' Sue, an' Aunt Jane—don't none of 'em da'st ter speak."

"Why, Nathan!—why not?"

"'Cause of—Katy. Jim says there don't nothin' they say suit Katy—'bout its wordin', I mean. She changes it an' tells 'em what they'd orter said."

"Why, the saucy little baggage!"—the rocker resumed its swaying, and Mary Kelsey's foot came down on the porch floor with decided, rhythmic pats.

The man stirred restlessly.

"But she ain't sassy, Mary," he demurred. "Jim says Katy's that sweet an' pleasant about it that ye can't do nothin'. She tells

'em she's kerrectin' 'em fur their own good, an' that they need culturin'. An' Jim says she spends all o' meal-time tellin' 'bout the things on the table,—salt, an' where folks git it, an' pepper, an' tumblers, an' how folks make 'em. He says at first 'twas kind o' nice an' he liked ter hear it; but now, seems as if he hain't got no appetite left ev'ry time he sets down ter the table. He don't relish eatin' such big words an' queer names.

"An' that ain't all," resumed Nathan, after a pause for breath. "Jim can't go hoein' nor diggin' but she'll foller him an' tell 'bout the bugs an' worms he turns up,—how many legs they've got, an' all that. An' the moon ain't jest a moon no more, an' the stars ain't stars. They're sp'eres an' planets with heathenish names an' rings an' orbits. Jim feels bad—powerful bad—'bout it, an' he says he can't see no way out of it. He knows they hain't had much schoolin', any of 'em, only Katy, an' he says that sometimes he 'most wishes that—that she hadn't, neither."

Nathan Kelsey's voice had sunk almost to a whisper, and with the last word his eyes sent a furtive glance toward the stoop-shouldered little figure in the low rocker. The chair was motionless now, and its occupant sat picking at a loose thread in the gingham apron.

"I—I wouldn't 'a' spoke of it," stammered the man, with painful hesitation, "only—well, ye see, I—you—" he stopped helplessly.

"I know," faltered the little woman. "You was thinkin' of—Alma."

"She wouldn't do it—Alma wouldn't!" retorted the man, sharply, almost before his wife had ceased speaking.

"No, no, of course not; but—Nathan, ye *don't* think Alma'd ever be—*ashamed* of us, do ye?"

"'Course not!" asserted Nathan, but his voice shook. "Don't ye worry, Mary," he comforted. "Alma ain't a-goin' ter do no kerrectin' of us."

"Nathan, I—I think that's 'co-rectin'," suggested the woman, a little breathlessly.

The man turned and gazed at his wife without speaking. Then his jaw fell.

"Well, by sugar, Mary! *You* ain't a-goin' ter begin it; be ye?" he demanded.

"Why, no, 'course not!" she laughed confusedly. "An'—an' Alma wouldn't."

"'Course Alma wouldn't," echoed her husband. "Come, it's time ter shut up the house."

The date of Alma's expected arrival was yet a week ahead. As the days passed, there came a curious restlessness to the movements

of both Nathan and his wife. It was on the last night of that week of waiting that Mrs. Kelsey spoke.

"Nathan," she began, with forced courage, "I've been over to Mis' Hopkins's—an' asked her what special things 'twas that Katy set such store by. I thought mebbe if we knew 'em beforehand, an' could do 'em, an'——"

"That's jest what I asked Jim ter-day, Mary," cut in Nathan, excitedly.

"Nathan, you didn't, now! Oh, I'm so glad! An' we'll do 'em, won't we?—jest ter please her?"

" 'Course we will!"

"Ye see it's four years since she was here, Nathan, what with her teachin' summers."

"Sugar, now! Is it? It hain't seemed so long."

"Nathan," interposed Mrs. Kelsey, anxiously, "I think that 'hain't' ain't—I mean *aren't* right. I think you'd order say, 'It haven't seemed so long.'"

The man frowned, and made an impatient gesture.

"Yes, yes, I know," soothed his wife; "but,—well, we might jest as well begin now an' git used to it. Mis' Hopkins said that them two words, 'hain't' an' 'ain't,' was what Katy hated most of anythin'."

"Yes; Jim mentioned 'em, too," acknowledged Nathan, gloomily. "But he said that even them wa'n't half so bad as his rigin' up nights. He said that Katy said that after the 'toil of the day' they must 'don fresh garments an' come ter the evenin' meal with minds an' bodies refreshed'."

"Yes; an', Nathan, ain't my black silk——"

"Ahem! I'm a-thinkin' it wa'n't me that said 'ain't' that time," interposed Nathan, dryly.

"Dear, dear, Nathan!—did I? O dear, what *will* Alma say?"

"It don't make no diff'rence what Alma says, Mary. Don't ye fret," returned the man with sudden sharpness, as he rose to his feet. "I guess Alma'll have ter take us 'bout as we be—'bout as we be."

Yet it was Nathan who asked, just as his wife was dropping off to sleep that night:

"Mary, is it three o' them collars I've got, or four?—b'iled ones, I mean."

At five o'clock the next afternoon Mrs. Kelsey put on the treasured black silk dress, sacred for a dozen years to church, weddings, and funerals. Nathan, warm and uncomfortable in his Sunday suit and stiff collar, had long since driven to the station for Alma. The house, brushed and scrubbed into a state of speckless order, was thrown

wide open to welcome the returning daughter. At a quarter before six she came.

"Mother, you darling!" cried a voice, and Mrs. Kelsey found herself in the clasp of strong young arms, and gazing into a flushed, eager face. "Don't you look good! And doesn't everything look good!" finished the girl.

"Does it—I mean, *do* it?" quavered the little woman, excitedly. "Oh, Alma, I *am* glad ter see ye!"

Behind Alma's back Nathan flicked a bit of dust from his coat. The next instant he raised a furtive hand and gave his collar and neckband a savage pull.

At the supper-table that night ten minutes of eager questioning on the part of Alma had gone by before Mrs. Kelsey realized that thus far their conversation had been of nothing more important than Nathan's rheumatism, her own health, and the welfare of Rover, Tabby, and the mare Topsy. Commensurate with the happiness that had been hers during those ten minutes came now her remorse. She hastened to make amends.

"There, there, Alma, I beg yer pardon, I'm sure. I hain't—er—I *haven't* meant ter keep ye talkin' on such triflin' things, dear. Now talk ter us yerself. Tell us about things—anythin',—anythin' on the table or in the room," she finished feverishly.

For a moment the merry-faced girl stared in frank amazement at her mother; then she laughed gleefully.

"On the table? In the room?" she retorted. "Well, it's the dearest room ever, and looks so good to me! As for the table—the rolls are feathers, the coffee is nectar, and the strawberries—well, the strawberries are just strawberries—they couldn't be nicer."

"Oh, Alma, but I didn't mean——"

"Tut, tut, tut!" interrupted Alma, laughingly. "Just as if the cook didn't like her handiwork praised! Why, when I draw a picture—oh, and I haven't told you!" she broke off excitedly. The next instant she was on her feet. "Alma Mead Kelsey, Illustrator; at your service," she announced with a low bow. Then she dropped into her seat again and went on speaking.

"You see, I've been doing this sort of thing for some time," she explained, "and have had some success in selling. My teacher has always encouraged me, and, acting on his advice, I stayed over in New York a week with a friend, and took some of my work to the big publishing houses. That's why I didn't get here as soon as Kate Hopkins did. I hated to put off my coming; but now I'm so glad I did. Only think! I sold every single thing, and I have orders and orders ahead."

"Well, by sugar!" ejaculated the man at the head of the table.

"Oh-h-h!" breathed the little woman opposite. "Oh, Alma, I'm so glad!"

In spite of Mrs. Kelsey's protests that night after supper, Alma tripped about the kitchen and pantry wiping the dishes and putting them away. At dusk father, mother, and daughter seated themselves on the back porch.

"There!" sighed Alma. "Isn't this restful? And isn't that moon glorious?"

Mrs. Kelsey shot a quick look at her husband; then she cleared her throat nervously.

"Er—yes," she assented. "I—I s'pose you know what it's made of, an' how big 'tis, an'—an' what there is on it, don't ye, Alma?"

Alma raised her eyebrows.

"Hm-m; well, there are still a few points that I and the astronomers haven't quite settled," she returned, with a whimsical smile.

"An' the stars, they've got names, I s'pose—every one of 'em," proceeded Mrs. Kelsey, so intent on her own part that Alma's reply passed unnoticed.

Alma laughed; then she assumed an attitude of mock rapture, and quoted:

"Scintillate, scintillate, globule vivific,
Fain would I fathom thy nature specific;
Loftily poised in ether capacious,
Strongly resembling the gem carbonaceous."

There was a long silence. Alma's eyes were on the flying clouds.

"Would—would you mind saying that again, Alma?" asked Mrs. Kelsey at last, timidly.

Alma turned with a start.

"Saying what, dearie?—oh, that nonsensical verse? Of course not! That's only another way of saying 'Twinkle, twinkle, little star.' Means just the same, only uses up a few more letters to make the words. Listen;" and she repeated the two, line for line.

"Oh!" said her mother, faintly. "Er—thank you."

"I—I guess I'll go to bed," announced Nathan Kelsey, suddenly.

The next morning Alma's pleadings were in vain. Mrs. Kelsey insisted that Alma should go about her sketching, leaving the housework for her own hands to perform. With a laughing protest and a playful pout, Alma tucked her sketch-book under her arm and left the house to go down by the river. In the field she came upon her father.

"Hard at work, dad?" she called affectionately. "Old Mother Earth won't yield her increase without just about so much labor, will she?"

"That she won't," laughed the man; then he flushed a quick red and set a light foot on a crawling thing of many legs which had emerged from beneath an overturned stone.

"Oh!" cried Alma. "Your foot, father—you're crushing something!"

The flush grew deeper.

"Oh, I guess not," rejoined the man, lifting his foot, and giving a curiously resigned sigh as he sent an apprehensive glance into the girl's face.

"Dear, dear! isn't he funny?" murmured the girl, bending low and giving a gentle poke with the pencil in her hand. "Only fancy," she added, straightening herself, "only fancy if we had so many feet. Just picture the size of our shoe bill!" And she laughed and turned away.

"Well, by gum!" ejaculated the man, looking after her; then he fell to work, and his whistle, as he worked, carried something of the song of a bird set free from a cage.

A week passed.

The days were spent by Alma in roaming the woods and fields, pencil and paper in hand; they were spent by her mother in the hot kitchen over a hotter stove. To Alma's protests and pleadings Mrs. Kelsey was deaf. Alma's place was not there, her work was not house-work, declared Alma's mother.

On Mrs. Kelsey the strain was beginning to tell. It was not the work alone—though that was no light matter, owing to her anxiety that Alma's pleasure and comfort should find nothing wanting—it was more than the work.

Every night at six the anxious little woman, flushed from biscuit-baking and chicken-broiling and almost sick with fatigue, got out the black silk gown and the white lace collar and put them on with trembling hands. Thus robed in state she descended to the supper-table, there to confront her husband still more miserable in the stiff collar and black coat.

Nor yet was this all. Neither the work nor the black silk dress contained for Mrs. Kelsey quite the possibilities of soul torture that were to be found in the words that fell from her lips. As the days passed, the task the little woman had set for herself became more and more hopeless, until she scarcely could bring herself to speak at all, so stumbling and halting were her sentences.

At the end of the eighth day came the culmination of it all. Alma, her nose sniffing the air, ran into the kitchen that night to find no one in the room, and the biscuits burning in the oven. She removed the biscuits, threw wide the doors and windows, then hurried upstairs to her mother's room.

"Why, mother!"

Mrs. Kelsey stood before the glass, a deep flush on her cheeks and tears rolling down her face. Two trembling hands struggled with the lace at her throat until the sharp point of a pin found her thumb and left a tiny crimson stain on the spotlessness of the collar. It was then that Mrs. Kelsey covered her face with her hands and sank into the low chair by the bed.

"Why, mother!" cried Alma again, hurrying across the room and dropping on her knees at her mother's side.

"I can't, Alma, I can't!" moaned the woman. "I've tried an' tried; but I've got ter give up, I've got ter give up."

"Can't what, dearie?—give up what?" demanded Alma.

Mrs. Kelsey shook her head. Then she dropped her hands and looked fearfully into her daughter's face.

"An' yer father, too, Alma—he's tried, an' he can't," she choked.

"Tried what? What *do* you mean?"

With her eyes on Alma's troubled, amazed face, Mrs. Kelsey made one last effort to gain her lost position. She raised shaking hands to her throat and fumbled for the pin and the collar.

"There, there, dear, don't ye fret," she stammered. "I didn't think what I was sayin'. It ain't nothin'—I mean, it *aren't* nothin'—it *am* not—oh-h!" she sobbed; "there, ye see, Alma, I can't, I can't. It ain't no more use ter try!" Down went the gray head on Alma's strong young shoulder.

"There, there, dear, cry away," comforted Alma, with loving pats. "It will do you good; then we'll hear what this is all about, from the very beginning."

And Mrs. Kelsey told her—and from the very beginning. When the telling was over, and the little woman, a bit breathless and frightened, sat awaiting what Alma would say, there came a long silence.

Alma's lips were close shut. Alma was not quite sure, if she opened them, whether there would come a laugh or a sob. The laugh was uppermost and almost parted the firm-set lips, when a glance at the quivering face of the little woman in the big chair turned the laugh into a half-stifled sob. Then Alma spoke.

"Mother, listen, dear. Do you think a silk dress or a stiff collar can make you and father any dearer to me? Do you think an 'ain't' or a 'hain't' can make me love either of you any less? Do you suppose I expect you, after fifty years' service for others, to be as careful in your ways and words as if you had spent those fifty years in training yourself instead of in training six children? Why, mother, dear, do you suppose that I don't know that for twenty of those years you have had no thoughts, no prayer, save for me?—

that I have been the very apple of your eye? Well, it's my turn, now, and you are the apple of my eye—you and father. Why, dearie, you have no idea of the plans I have for you. There's a good strong woman coming next week for the kitchen work. Oh, it's all right," assured Alma, quickly, in response to the look on her mother's face. "Why, I'm rich! Only think of those orders! And then you shall dress in silk or velvet, or calico—anything you like, so long as it doesn't scratch nor prick," she added merrily, bending forward and fastening the lace collar. "And you shall——"

"Ma-ry?" It was Nathan at the foot of the back stairway.

"Yes, Nathan."

"Ain't it 'most supper-time?"

"Bless my soul!" cried Mrs. Kelsey, springing to her feet.

"An' Mary——"

"Yes."

"Hain't I got a collar—a b'iled one, on the bureau up there?"

"No," called Alma, snatching up the collar and throwing it on to the bed. "There isn't a sign of one there. Suppose you let it go to-night, dad?"

"Well, if you don't mind!" And a very audible sigh of relief floated up the back stairway.



THE SONG SPARROW

BY GAMALIEL BRADFORD, JR.

AWAY! Ye moles who fret the earth
For riches that take wing!
On trifles of fantastic worth
Let others toil. I sing.

Oh, fools, that woo the wayward fair
With long delay! I fling
My passion in the sunny air.
Let others love. I sing.

Why dwell with shadow, night, and death,
And torments that they bring?
Who wills to suffer suffereth.
Let others fear. I sing.



To be out on a lark in the evening does not necessarily help one to be up with him next morning.

Walnuts and Wine



THE SAGAMORE

On Long Lake

IN the heart of the Adirondack Mountains, a locality celebrated for its dry, invigorating and bracing atmosphere, and the purity of the water from the springs which supply the hotel.

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VIEW OF THE LAKE FROM THE PIAZZA

Walnuts and Wine

COON HUNTING

The officers of the English squadron prepared for their recent visit to this country by an exhaustive study of so-called American slang, that they might enjoy that "delightful American humor" over which the English have recently become so enthusiastic.

During their stay in Annapolis a coon-hunt was arranged for their benefit, the officer in charge explaining to them that it was a sport highly thought of and native to the Southern States.

As they rode along one of the Englishmen remarked, "You hunt these coons with dogs, I think?"

His host assented and the Englishman continued: "They are found in the woods and are often caught in trees, aren't they?"

"They are," replied the American, "but how do you come to know so much about coon-hunting?"

"Oh," said the visitor, with an air of conscious pride, "I've read 'Uncle Tom's Cabin' you know and all those articles that have come out in the papers lately, but to tell the truth, I didn't think it was allowed by the authorities no matter what the nigger had done."

Marie E. Ford.

CIRCULATION STATEMENT

In an address recently delivered before the Chicago Press Club, Opie Read told the following story:

When I was connected with the "Arkansaw Traveler" I one day called upon a large advertiser to solicit his patronage. Naturally, the first question he asked was as to the circulation of my paper. "Where does it go?" he queried. "Where does it go?" I replied. "Why it goes North and it goes South; it goes East and it goes West; and would have gone to hell long ago if it had not been for me."

Henrietta Lazarus.

EMBARRASSMENT OF RICHES

An old Frenchwoman tells of the neglect of her youngest son, who has been married three times. "Paul has not been to see me in two years," she cried, and then with pathetic resignation—"but, when a man has three mothers-in-law his own mother becomes a luxury."

Marie Chaillé-Long.



WALNUTS and WINE

AN UNFORTUNATE ENCOUNTER

They had arrived that morning on an early train from the south and had parted with their husbands down town, agreeing to meet them at the Grand Central in time for the 11 o'clock train north. They looked in some of the shops and as they were about to make some small purchases, before taking a car for the station, they made the important discovery that they were penniless. They had entrusted their purses to their husbands on the train and neglected to reclaim them.

Finding refuge in a doorway they hastily discussed ways and means and decided: first, that they were "two stupids" (their husbands of course); and, second, that as it was too late to walk, a slight loan was imperative. It seemed to be either that or beating the street railway, and of the two alternatives they chose the former as perhaps the least degrading.

They waited until a benevolent-looking old gentleman came along, when one of them, with as much courage as she was able to summon, sweetly begged the old gentleman's pardon, hurriedly explained their sad plight and said that if he *would* be so kind her husband would see that the money was returned the following day without fail.

With a genial smile the old gentleman handed over a dime, which was just the amount she had asked for, and passed on. So excited were they over the success of their shameless enterprise that their benefactor had proceeded some distance before they realized with horror that they had entirely forgotten to inquire his name or address. They started hastily in pursuit, and, overtaking him, apologized somewhat breathlessly for their oversight, obtained his card, and then, as they were about to signal a passing car they made the ghastly discovery that the coin had disappeared! Gloves were drawn back in an eager search for the missing dime, but without avail—their erstwhile wealth had vanished.

Walnuts and Wine

One young fellow among the heedless Broadway crowd observed their distress, and, politely raising his hat, inquired if they had lost anything.

They admitted that they had.

"A large amount?" he asked, interestedly.

"It was a—a ten-cent piece," one of them stammered.

The young man stared at them in surprise and was about to pass on when the other said desperately:

"*Would* you be so kind as to loan us ten cents? Our husbands—I mean——"

But before she was able to explain just what she did mean he drew out a handful of change and told her to take as much as she liked. She said twenty-five cents would be a great plenty and after making him give her his card with his address on it they ran for an uptown car, scrambled on, and holding fast to the coin and the two pieces of cardboard, sank with a relieved sigh into their seats.

They had gone a block or two before their fares were taken up and then as one of them offered the conductor the quarter of a dollar she glanced across the car and seated opposite, watching them suspiciously, was the kind old gentleman who, not five minutes before, had given them ten cents because they hadn't a penny for their carfare.

What would he think of them! What *could* he think of them!

As she took the change from the conductor she felt her cheeks burning.

"Don't look across the car," she whispered to her companion—"it's the old gentleman—he saw the quarter."

They crept out of the car at 42d Street like two guilty creatures, with eyes averted.

"Who ever could have imagined such a thing," said one; "why didn't we take ten cents of the second one, too!"

"I think," said the other reflectively, "that we'd better not say anything to Tom or Fred about this. No," she continued, tucking the cards into her glove, "it wouldn't do. Such joy would be fatal. I'll just give these to Roy to-morrow and he'll make everything all right.

And Roy did.

W. F. Rice.

Walnuts and Wine

Pears' soap.



By Permission of the
Proprietors of "Punch."

*Two years ago I used your soap
since when I have used no other!*

"All rights secured."

Walnuts and Wine

AUTOMOBILE FLIRTATION

The latest fad in High Society is Automobile Flirtation. What such flirtation is and how it is conducted I have discovered at great personal danger while disguised as a chauffeur and accompanying a High Society Queen on one of her flirtatious expeditions. Here is the "language."

Dashing against stone wall—Meet me at the hospital to-night.

Letting your machine be run into—You've made a hit with me.

Running over dog—I think you're perfectly killing.

Dashing off bridge—You can send me your message by Dr. Blank.

Running into store window—Forgive me. I'm all broken up about it.

Violating speed ordinance—You can have me if you can catch me, but you'll have to go some!

Frank H. Williams.

DIFFERENT VIEWPOINTS

"Does your minister make a success of his work among the poor?"

"A success? Well! He gets ten thousand a year for it."

C. A. Bolton.

A RONDEAU OF VACATION

By Cecilia A. Loizeaux

The wicked flee where none pursue,

To pastures green and waters new.

In other words the very rich,

On whom it is the style to pitch,

Seek cool and rest where men are few.

In private yacht with well-trained crew—

In mountains high above the blue—

To every far and costly niche

The wicked flee.

Less rich, and hence less wicked, too,

We scrimp to buy two weeks of "view."

For fourteen sleepless nights we twitch,

And ceaselessly big fans we switch,

For each night comes with cool and dew

The wicked flea.

Walnuts and Wine



Overworked

That's the way

COFFEE

WORKS THE HEART.

Look out for it.

Run after a car or 'run up-stairs and see whether your heart is weak or not.

If it flutters weakly, look out!

You need a strong heart in your business. Try quitting coffee if it weakens the heart-action or breaks down your nervous strength in any way.

It's easy if you have well-made

POSTUM

and "There's a Reason."

Postum Cereal Co., Ltd., Battle Creek, Mich., U. S. A.

Walnuts and Wine

SAFE ANYHOW

The story is told in Boston of a discussion among the judges as to the choice of a stenographer. Most of them preferred a woman, but one objected.

"Now, why don't you want one?" asked Judge S. "You know they are generally more to be depended on than men."

"That may be all so," replied Judge B.; "but you know that in our cases we often have to be here very late. There are always watchmen and other guards in the corridors. Do you think it would be prudent to have a woman staying with any of the judges as late as might be necessary for a stenographer?"

"Why, what are you afraid of? Couldn't you holler?" questioned Judge S.

Dora May Morrell.

PRAYING FOR RAIN

An old Scotch minister, having been asked repeatedly by his congregation to pray for rain (an exercise of devotion in which the old man evidently did not believe), as often refused, until one morning just as he was entering the pulpit, a petition bearing the signature of every member of the church was handed to him, demanding that he accede to the request. At the time for reading the notices, the minister read also the document pleading that prayer be offered for rain, and then impatiently remarked, as he looked over his glasses at the congregation, "Well, a'wull ta please ya, but hang a bit y'll get till the wund changes."

J. Ingram Bryan.

SEEING THE ANIMALS

"And did you see the Hippodrome when you were in New York?" inquired the interested neighbor.

"Wall, no," replied Mr. Henlay; "I reckon the critter was sick when we visited the Zoo, but we saw the elephant and rhinoceros."

William Campbell.

A STRAIGHT TIP

Joshua: "That there critter ain't no mud horse at all; yer said he liked the mud, but he ran last."

Stable Boy: "Can't ye see dat de plug likes de mud de way he hung back and let de odder skates kick it all over him?"

R. S. F.

Walnuts and Wine



Quaker Oats

Children play better and grow better, and grown-ups work better, who live in homes where Quaker Oats form a part of the daily bill-of-fare.

The Quaker is a "friend" indeed to every member of the household—he guarantees the purity and wholesomeness of the contents of the package on which he appears, and is recognized the world over as a builder of physical and mental strength in old and young.

Packages that *look* different *outside*, are different *inside*. Quaker packages contain *the food portion only*, of selected first-quality white oats—and they are the only packages that do.

There is no substitute for Quaker Oats because there is no other rolled oats that compares with Quaker Oats in purity, flavor and wholesomeness.

Ask your grocer for Quaker Oats today. Large package, 10 cts.

Walnuts and Wine

EMBARRASSING

A certain Doctor of Divinity was accustomed to slip down a side aisle at the conclusion of his service, and be at the door of exit to greet the people as they passed out. He was especially cordial to strangers.

One Sunday he extended his hand to a young German woman, who, in answer to his inquiry, said she lived in a certain suburb. The minister then told her he would like to call and see her some time, whereupon the girl with a blush, stammered:

"Please sir, *I've got a young man!*"

H. A. H.

MATIN MUSIC

By Silas X. Floyd

There's a "Hallelujah Chorus"

In the tremblin' drops o' dew
That the sunbeams kiss each mornin'
With a happy "Howdy do!"

'Course, it ain't no brass-band music,
That goes thunderin' through the air,
With the cornet and the bass drum
And the trombone's noisy blare.

But, sir, if your heart's a-listenin',
As you take your mornin' stroll,
You will hear the sun-kissed dewdrops
All a-singin' to your soul!

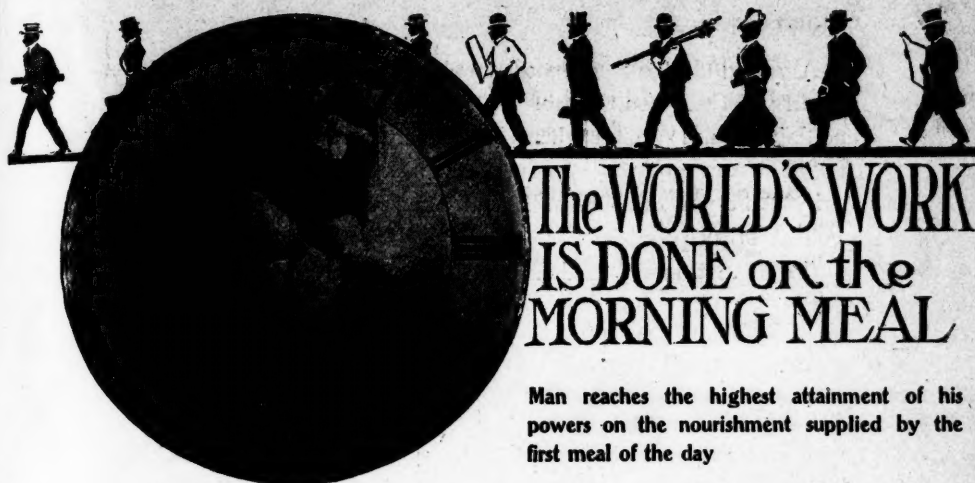
A SAFE BET

A teacher in one of the country schools had a class of young children in mathematics before her. The examples were in addition and she propounded this question: "Now, children, if I lay four eggs on the desk, and Sam," pointing to a freckle-faced boy at the head of the class, "should lay three, how many would there be?"

The bad boy, who was at the foot of the class, had been listening intently, and shouted out, "Go on, Sam, take her up. She can't do it."

Lucie W. Alberson.

Walnuts and Wine



The WORLD'S WORK IS DONE on the MORNING MEAL

Man reaches the highest attainment of his powers on the nourishment supplied by the first meal of the day

A breakfast of **SHREDDED WHEAT BISCUIT** with hot milk, cream or fresh fruits, supplies the energy for reaching the climax of the day's achievements—the top-notch of mental and physical endeavor.

Has it struck twelve with you? Has your stomach notified you that it has gone out of business? Coax it back to health and strength with a natural food—a food that contains all the muscle-building, brain-building elements in the whole wheat berry **MADE DIGESTIBLE BY THE SHREDDING PROCESS.**

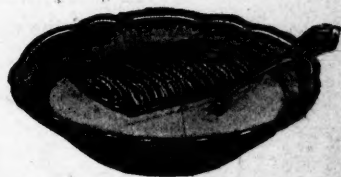
Such a food is **SHREDDED WHOLE WHEAT**, made in the cleanest, most hygienic industrial building on the continent,—no “secret process”—our plant is open to the world—nearly 100,000 visitors last year.

Two hundred and fifty million biscuits made and sold last year.

The Biscuit (heated in oven) is delicious for breakfast with hot or cold milk or cream or for any meal in combination with fruits, creamed vegetables, or meats. **TRISCUIT** is the shredded wheat wafer, used as a toast with butter, for picnics, excursions, for light lunches on land or on sea. Our cook book is sent free.

THE NATURAL FOOD
COMPANY

Niagara Falls, N. Y.



“IT'S ALL IN THE SHREDS”

Walnuts and Wine

THE WORM TURNED

A village doctor whose most troublesome patient was an elderly woman practically on the free list, received a sound rating from her one day for not coming when summoned the night before.

"You can go to see your other patients at night," said she, "why can't you come when I send for you? Ain't my money as good as other people's?"

"I do not know, madam," was the reply, "I never saw any of it."

Clara Marshall.

NOT ENOUGH

A case was to be tried on the charge of selling impure whiskey. The night before the case came off the defendant went round to the Judge's house.

To the man at the door he said: "Here's a bottle of whiskey I want your master to try."

"My master never tries anything but a case," pompously replied the butler.

M. L. Wildman.

BLACK ART IN ANOTHER FORM

A German gentleman and his young son, Fritz, were on an express train bound for the seashore.

While Fritz was snoozing, his father, who occupied the window seat, snatched his cap and seemingly threw it out of the open window.

"Aha," the joking father said, "your cap iss on de outside. Never mind, Fritzzy. I'll vistle und it'll come on de inside again mit quickness."

The father whistled and, at the same moment, deftly placed the cap on his attentive son's head. Fritz was speechless. He pulled off his head-covering and gazed at it in wonder and at his pater-familias in deep admiration for several minutes.

As the train neared a bridge the little chap was inspired. Leaning far out of the open window he dropped the cap and turning to his dad confidently, said, "Vistle, fadder."

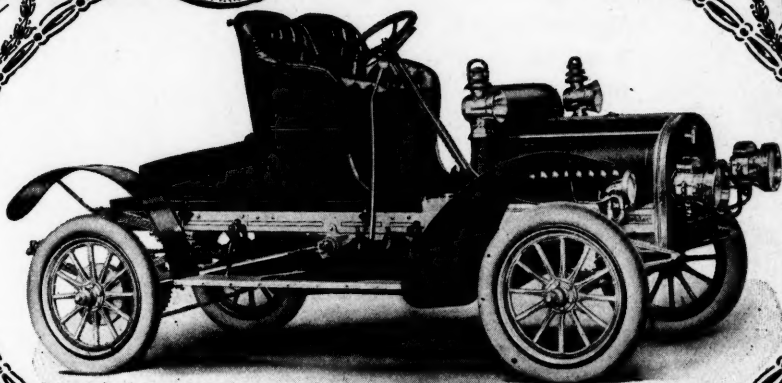
W. Dayton Wegfarth.

Walnuts and Wine

Rambler

MODEL
19

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Model 19, \$1,250

Tourabout

A two-passenger car with all the power, speed and comfort of the largest and most elaborate types.

Provided with every modern equipment and accessory.

Price as shown, \$1,250; with detachable tonneau \$1,400.

Details that will interest you mailed upon request.

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Thomas B. Jeffery & Company

Walnuts and Wine

HIS LAST APPEAL

By Clara Lyle Irvine

DEAR EDITOR,

When you persist you can't accept
The stories that I send,
I don't believe that you regret
To send them back again.

My *stories* must, I do admit
Your ridicule provoke;
But with your sharpened point of wit,
Why don't you *take a joke*?

Respectfully,

A CONTRIBUTOR.

•

A NEW ACCOMPLISHMENT

Miss B— has been told that she possesses a willowy figure, and she often assumes poses that will display it to the best advantage. Yesterday she was startled by the following question from her seven-year old niece, "Aunt Sally, why do you make so many gestures with your hips?"

Henrietta Lazarus.

•

SISTERS IN MODERATION

Tommy is a lonely little boy who has no brothers or sisters. He is very fond of three little girls named Ethel, Maud, and May. One evening his mother was listening to him say his prayers, and she was rather surprised to hear him add to his petitions: "Dear Lord, please send me an Ethel, a Maud and a May."

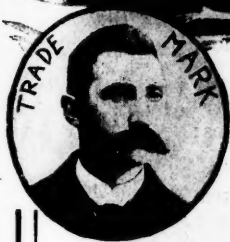
After he had finished his mother tried to explain to him that they were too poor to have a large family like that. Tommy listened attentively, and then without a word flopped down on his knees again and offered up this supplementary petition:

"Dear Lord; Mother says we can't afford an Ethel and a Maud and a May, so don't send 'em in a bunch. Just send us an Ethel, and when we can afford the rest, I'll let you know."

Sam S. Stinson.

Walnuts and Wine

MENNEN'S Borated Talcum TOILET POWDER



AT THE SEASHORE

Mennen's will give immediate relief from prickly heat, chafing, sunburn, and all skin troubles. Our absolutely non-refillable box is for your protection. For sale everywhere or by mail, 25 cents. Sample free.

GERHARD MENNEN CO., Newark, N. J.

TRY MENNEN'S VIOLET (Borated) TALCUM

Walnuts and Wine

WOULDN'T DO

At a boarding house in Washington last summer the boarders were complaining of the oppressive weather.

"Oh, how I wish we could pitch some tents in a shady nook," one of the girls exclaimed.

"Why do you want tents?" asked the wit of the house.

"Why, so we could get under them and be away from the heat," replied the girl.

"But," said the wit, "that would do no good, for the heat, you know, is intense."

C. J.

NOT THE KIND HE LIKED

Before little George was quite three years old, another boy arrived in the family. On the following day, when George was taken to see his new brother, what was his father's surprise to hear him exclaim, in a voice of strong disapproval, "Come away, papa; don't go near it; it's a funny one!"

M. E. Tilden.

A TOAST

By Maurice Smiley

Here's to the red of Somebody's head—

I mean of Somebody's lips.

Of course I did not mean what I said;

Please pardon these little slips.

Here's to Somebody's sapphire nose,

The sky and the ocean's hue;—

(I had in mind, as the context shows,

Somebody's lamps of blue.)

Here's to the ring of Somebody's voice

(I mean the rings 'round her eyes;

No, I mean the ring of Somebody's choice,

That Somebody's sweetheart buys.)

Here's to the gems that Somebody bakes;

I mean the pearls in her mouth.

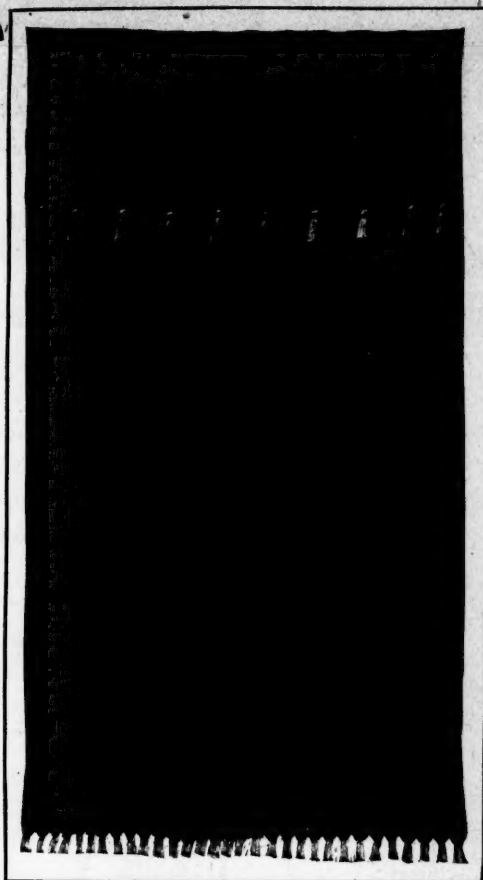
I don't understand these wretched mistakes.

Somebody's going South.

CURTAINS

You can afford Artloom draperies for any room in the house—no charge for the art—only for the materials. The cheapest ones are effective. As for the better ones—money will not buy finer. In Curtains, Couch Covers or Table Covers the Artloom equals the finest foreign weaves and distinctive effects at the same price asked for inferior domestic productions.

Write for style book "J" showing articles in actual colors.



A Solid-Color Curtain. A splendid specimen of the proper price effects is the curtain illustrated above. It comes in beautiful, floral effects with deep Dado. It is tastily finished with heavy knotted fringe on throw-over. Made in very rich tones of Olive, Brown, Wine, Empire, Green, Red and Hunter's Green. 50 inches wide and 3 yards long.

Per Pair, \$4.00

If your dealer won't supply you, send us post-office money-order and we will deliver it to you through another dealer.

This label tells the texture. It's the texture that tells.



On every genuine Artloom production.

"Home Making," the clever book on home decorations. Sent on receipt of four cents in stamps.

Philadelphia Tapestry Mills, PHILADELPHIA, PA.

Walnuts and Wine

HE WAS ENLIGHTENED

A stout old gentleman with a short temper was having trouble with the phone. He could hear nothing but a confused jumble of sounds, and finally became so exasperated that he yelled into the transmitter:

"Is there a fool at the end of this line?"

"Not at this end," was the clear and distinct answer.

Ed Moberly.

THE JACK LEAD

Devotees of whist who play according to approved rules, have various ways of remembering the proper leads.

"Jack is led when accompanied by King and Queen, five in suit," is an approved rule. Whist players, in order to remember this rule easily, have vulgarized it into the following: "Jack is led when accompanied by mother and father and two children."

A maiden lady, whose hobby is whist, was playing with a partner of doubtful experience. In the course of his play he led a Jack.

The maiden lady looked at her partner in doubt as she fingered the ace in her hand. "I wonder," she remarked tentatively, as she gazed over her glasses.

"Oh, he's legitimate," replied the young man.

And the play proceeded according to rule.

Francis R. Singleton.

INDIRECTLY

Do you ever contribute to the campaign fund?

Indeed, yes. I have a life insurance policy.

George Frederick Wilson.

A RAPID HARVEST

"Papa," inquired the youngster, "what is 'wild oats?'"

"Wild oats, my son," answered Papa, "is something that you sow in the evening and reap in the morning."

James H. Lamberl, Jr.

Walnuts and Wine

Reasons why you should try Hayner Whiskey

We have been distilling whiskey for over 40 years.

Hayner's Registered Distillery No. 2, Tenth District, Ohio, is one of the best equipped in the world.

We use only the choicest grain, the very best obtainable.

Our U. S. Bonded Warehouses for ageing our whiskey have no superior.

We sell direct from our distillery to you, so you're sure it's pure.

We cut out all middlemen, so you save their enormous profits.

You cannot buy purer whiskey, no matter how much you pay.

It is prescribed by physicians and used in hospitals.

We have over 600,000 satisfied customers.

Direct from our distillery to YOU

4 Full **\$3.20** Express
Quarts **Prepaid**

Send us \$3.20, and we will ship you, in a plain sealed case with no marks to show contents, four full quart bottles of HAYNER PRIVATE STOCK RYE or BOURBON. We will pay the express charges. Give the whiskey a fair trial. Put it to any test you like. Then, if you are not perfectly satisfied, ship it back to us at our expense and your \$3.20 will be promptly refunded. Doesn't such a guarantee, backed by a company that has been in business for 40 years and has a capital of \$500,000.00 paid in full, protect you fully? How could any offer be fairer? The expense is all ours if you're not satisfied. Write our nearest office TO-DAY.

Orders for Ariz., Cal., Col., Idaho, Mont., Nev., N. Mex., Ore., Utah, Wash., or Wyo., must be on the basis of 4 Quarts for \$4.00 by EXPRESS PREPAID. or 20 Quarts for \$15.20 by FREIGHT PREPAID, by reason of the very much higher express rates to the far western states.

THE HAYNER DISTILLING COMPANY,

Dayton, Ohio. St. Louis, Mo. St. Paul, Minn. Atlanta, Ga.

Distillery at Troy, Ohio. Established 1866.



Walnuts and Wine

OUT OF BOUNDS

During the canvas of his State in 1899 to gather votes enough to send him to the lower House of Congress, Mr. Longworth went to the western end of his county to become acquainted and to capture votes. Now the town of Harrison is partly in Indiana and partly in Ohio, the center of the main thoroughfare being the dividing line. Going into a store Mr. Longworth made himself very agreeable with the proprietor, bought cigars for the crowd, jollied every one, and then asked if they were all going to vote for him. There was a long, loud laugh, and when it was over the Ohioan asked:

"What is so funny?"

"Oh, nothing," remarked the proprietor, "except that you are on the Indiana side of the street. Your Ohio voters are across the way."

Mr. Longworth was heard to mumble a stricture on towns that are on the dividing line, at the same time making a quick jump back into Ohio.

Frank N. Bauskett.

FISHIN'

By Sidney Warren Mase

Pap ain't over fond o' work,
Kinder old an' failin';
Bones all ache an' muscles jerk,
Allus is a-ailin'.
Wuss in winters, so he sez,
That's why he keeps wishin'
Summer'd come; he minds it less
When he's fishin'.

Summer days is here at last,
River looks invitin'.
"Whar is pap?" Did some one ast?
Well, sir, fish is bitin'.
Some 'ers by the river side,
With his line a-swishin',
Pap is settin', satisfied—
Jes' a-fishin'.

has be
with P
WIND
sure ar

Walnuts and Wine



THAT DAINTY MINT COVERED
CANDY COATED
CHEWING GUM

Chiclets

At All the Better kind of Stores
5 cents the Ounce
or in 5¢, 10¢ and 25¢ Packets

REALLY DELIGHTFUL

If your neighborhood store can't supply you send us 10c for sample packet.
FRANK H. FLEER & COMPANY, INC., Philadelphia, U. S. A., and Toronto, Can.

Dauchy & Company's Newspaper Catalogue

A copy of the 1906 edition of this well-known work has reached us. This is the sixteenth year of its publication, and this edition is fully up to the high standard set by its predecessors, typographically and otherwise. It contains 742 closely printed pages, well bound in red cloth, and is a mine of information for all who are interested in the periodical publications of the United States and Canada, of which it contains a complete list. Its arrangement is most compact and convenient, and it contains one feature contained in no other newspaper directory, the space of memoranda against the name of each publication, in which advertisers can keep a record of their contracts in compact and accessible shape. The price is \$5.00, of the publishers, Messrs. Dauchy & Co., 9 Murray St., New York, or of booksellers.



For Children While Cutting Their Teeth.

An Old and Well-Tried Remedy,

FOR OVER FIFTY YEARS.

MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP

has been used for over FIFTY YEARS by MILLIONS of MOTHERS for their CHILDREN WHILE TEETHING with PERFECT SUCCESS. IT SOOTHES THE CHILD, SOFTENS THE GUMS, ALLAYS ALL PAIN, CURES WIND COLIC, and is the best remedy for DIARRHŒA. Sold by all Druggists in every part of the world. Be sure and ask for **Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup**, and take no other kind.

TWENTY-FIVE CENTS A BOTTLE.

Walnuts and Wine

AN UNREASONABLE REQUEST

Mrs. C. was ordering the day's lunch over the telephone.

Brains were on her menu and she had tried a number of butchers without success.

"Is that 266?" anxiously.

"Yes."

"Have you any brains?"

"What?"

"Have you any *brains* to-day?"

"No, no no!" came the testy reply. "Madame, you have made a mistake, this is Dr. Smith's telephone."

A. C. Eve.

METHOD IN HIS MADNESS

The special mania of an insane man was the belief that he himself was a poached egg. One day he said to his keeper, "I would like a piece of toast." It was not at meal time, and the keeper asked, "Why do you want a piece of toast now?"

"Because," answered the man, "I am tired, and I'd like to sit down!"

H. A. H.

DARWIN JUSTIFIED

John was at home from college to spend the spring vacation, and the family was gathered around the supper table to hear him give an account of himself. He had expounded at length Darwin's Descent of Man and the theory of evolution in general, at which the home people seemed very much impressed.

"Yes, Pa," he concluded, "you are descended from a monkey, and a long time ago your ancestors swung by their tails from the trees in the forests."

"How on-natural," ventured the timid mother, to whom these new doctrines were little short of blasphemy.

"Wal, I dunno," said the old man, as he leaned forward to take another piece of ham from the dish, and then resumed, between intervals of deliberate munching, "I dunno. I dunno. Mebby it aint no more onnatural to have a monkey for a ancestor than it is to have a jackass for a son."

Bruce Craven.